WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

JASCHA HEIFETZ, portrait by Karsh of Ottawa

IN THIS ISSUE

Story of the Violin • Beethoven, the Colossus
Poetry Comes to America • Comedy, Farce and Mime
Bible's Martyr • Switzerland, World's Garden of Eden

JUNE 1956

ONE DOLLAR

WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA

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THE COVER — a closeup of Jascha Heifetz playing his violin — was photographed by the renowned Karsh of Ottawa. Karsh's lens catches the emotion which erupts like a volcano during Heifetz' performance but is frequently lost to the audience because of distance and fleet change.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Sir:
It was very kind of you to use what I wrote about Mr. Bernard Baruch, and I want to tell you how much both I and my friends enjoy WISDOM. It is certainly a magazine of very high character, and I will be glad if you will allow me to subscribe.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
WISDOM is sensational! I look forward with great pleasure to the coming issues. All good wishes for WISDOM's success.

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th Century-Fox Film Corp.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:
I look forward to reading WISDOM with the greatest of interest. I think the portrait of Bernard Baruch on the cover of the March issue is a magnificent likeness of that great American.

GEN. MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY
Chairman, Board of Trustees
Mellon Institute of
Industrial Research
Pittsburgh, Penn.

Sir:
We have been following your initial issues of WISDOM with a great deal of interest. I hope the response is proving gratifying in the extreme. Best wishes.

DEWITT WALLACE, Editor
The Reader's Digest
Pleasantville, N. Y.

Sir:
The issues of WISDOM are most impressive and I am happy to have this opportunity to see them. It is good to know that WISDOM is proving to be a fine success. It is deserving.

RALPH J. BUNCHE
Under Secretary, United Nations
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
We have read WISDOM and found it very enjoyable. Not only do we like the editorial content, but we admire your excellent typography.

LOUIS BENITO
Tampa, Fla.

Sir:
It was an enriching experience reading WISDOM's contents and much like working a mine, only that it was unnecessary to wade through a great amount of chaff and overburden to get to the valuable minerals. The rich, exposed veins were there for the taking.

ARTHUR M. HOLLAND
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:
WISDOM is the magazine classic of today. The wonderful articles can be enjoyed, understood, and appreciated by each member of the family.

S. W. HEPWORTH
Dallas, Texas

Sir:
I have read WISDOM and feel you are to be congratulated upon this very fine work.

WHITLEY C. COLLINS, Pres.
Northrop Aircraft, Inc.
Hawthorne, Calif.

Sir:
I meant to write you before this to tell you how well I think your magazine WISDOM is coming along. My youngster who is a junior at college and just beginning to savor the pleasures of philosophy and literature came home all agog having made the discovery himself of WISDOM. He said he had heard some radio commentator raving about the magazine which prompted his interest. Frankly, I think it has been getting better all along.

PIERRE D. MARTINEAU
Director of Research
Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:
I have just finished an enjoyable hour-and-a-half in preliminary reading of WISDOM. Indeed, material such as this requires not only reading but study. WISDOM is a wonderfully pure intellectual adventure.

PAUL ROMANO
Cornell University Medical College
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
You have a wonderful publication, and WISDOM is truly a gem . . . full of interesting articles and magnificently edited. This great idea deserves to be successful and should create a world-wide following.

JOSEPH RUTTENBERG
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios
Culver City, Calif.

Sir:
I admire your editorial philosophy and aims . . . I love your policy of humanization of all that over which a glorified mechanism has taken command these days. I do believe with you that human beings can be reconditioned as long as life lasts. I do also believe that we architects and city planners, who engineer our daily human environment and settings, are responsible for it if annually nine million citizens . . . must cool their heels in psychiatric waiting rooms. At any rate, my best wishes are with WISDOM and my faith is in it.

RICHARD J. NEUTRA
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sir:
Have just finished browsing through your magnificent magazine WISDOM. I have the same impression that I had the first time I saw the Teton Mountains. Stupendous, grand and something that should be with us all the time. You have accomplished a great thing in WISDOM.

EUGENE L. PRICE
Editor, *The Beacon*
The Ohio Oil Company
Findlay, Ohio

Sir:
I want you to know how very much I appreciate WISDOM. The publication is off to an excellent start, and I shall read the succeeding issues with great interest.

FRED D. FAGG, President
University of Southern California
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sir:
WISDOM is truly a wonderful magazine and I rate it above all others.

C. A. JOHN
Head, Research Dept.
H. J. Heinz Company
Bowling Green, Ohio

Sir:
I am reading WISDOM with much pleasure. The format of the magazine and the articles assure me of interesting and informative reading.

SEN. ESTES KEFAUVER
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Sir:
I enjoy WISDOM so much, and I believe you are in for a great success with it.

MAX GORDON
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
If WISDOM had no contents and was empty space between the magnificent cover portrait and its back cover, it would be worth thrice its purchase value. However, WISDOM has contents, and I shall bind these as a volume of pleasurable and profitable reading matter to be returned to time and time again.

LOUIS F. JOBST, JR.
Santa Ana, Calif.

Sir:
WISDOM magazine is the ray of light that so many in this world are seeking, and it makes for a healthier and happier place to live. WISDOM is the sorely needed oxygen that is being administered by the good doctor to the gradually dying patients, 2½ billions of them. The potential value and greatness of WISDOM marks it as a necessary part of life, and it should be read and kept in the house of every man, woman and child, second only to the Bible. WISDOM will become infinite in its contribution to mankind.

MACK ROSS
New York, N. Y.

Sir:
WISDOM magazine sets us at peace with ourselves. It subdues our passions and regulates our desires. It consoles us with the hope of everlasting good. It gives us the joy of God. It shows us the way to be happy. It gives us peace of mind in the midst of outward trials. It is to the wise people a treasure that can never fail.

NANCY COLLINS
St. Louis, Mo.

Sir:
One page from WISDOM is worth all the other magazines in America!

HAROLD A. TROYER
Spokane, Wash.

Sir:
WISDOM is beaming with light amidst the darkness that surrounds us.

MRS. GEORGE FISCHER
Garland, Texas

Sir:
How admirable that WISDOM teaches us the charm of justice and truth, and the chaste delights of virtue. WISDOM magazine supports man against himself, against his corrupt desires, and makes him strong in spite of his weakness. Is it to be lamented that we are delivered from the heavy yoke of the world and have only to bear the light burden that wisdom imposes?

PAULA BERKSON
Hammond, Ind.

Sir:
In view of the many enthusiatic and encouraging expressions of approval for the excellence of your new publication, WISDOM, there seems to be little left to add, except perhaps, to relate, that the magazine's fine esthetic quality and high intellectual standards have already intensified my grateful appreciation for the precious gift of existence, which is bestowed upon us human inhabitants of this planet for a fragmentary moment of time, in the eternal clock of the Universe. Honorable colleague, I humbly salute you and WISDOM! And may your tribe increase! Bravo! and Bravissimo!

MORRIS LIEBERMAN
Las Vegas, Nevada

Sir:
WISDOM is the most admired gift I have ever given to my friends.

MRS. J. H. OWENS
Cleveland, Ohio

Sir:
WISDOM gives me and my family knowledge and understanding never before provided in any magazine at any price. It's the first and only magazine we've ever fallen in love with unanimously.

GEOFFREY BERNE
Casper, Wyo.

Sir:
WISDOM is a remarkable intellectual experience that has taken our family by storm and left us uplifted.

ELIZABETH HICKERSON
Madison, Wis.

Sir:
WISDOM is a magazine every person of intelligence will inevitably read. It is steady nourishment for the mind, rich and intensely interesting. I consider myself extremely fortunate to have discovered the magazine so early so that I might not miss a single issue. It has everything!

ROBERTA MARTENS
Haverhill, Mass.

Sir:
WISDOM is a magnificent magazine to read for sheer pleasure, and to give to anyone who has ever come under the spell of wisdom.

HARVEY BASSETT
Scranton, Pa.

From the Publisher

With publication of its sixth issue, WISDOM Magazine passes a milestone. The Editors are deeply encouraged by the continuing enthusiastic response of readers.

In the issues to date, we have tried to show that wisdom is as elusive in definition as it is varied in scope.

Who succeeds and who fails in the attempt to define wisdom? Countless readers have shared with us their own analyses, and there seems to be one qualification common to all definitions: *wisdom must be universal — in its significance, in its applicability, in its timelessness.*

In our search for wisdom we have visited many gifted minds and treasure houses. We have found wisdom — by our own editorial definition — in ageless aphorisms, in a child's innocent remark, in a preacher's sermon, in a poet's rhyme, in a philosopher's insight, in a scientist's observations, and in the actions and deeds of men united in a shared dream of a good life for all mankind.

The Editors of WISDOM believe that wisdom is not to be invoked but unveiled. A wise man's answer may lie in a fool's question.

We have found illustrations of wisdom in man's superiority and his humility, in his rationality and his instincts, in his triumphs — and even in his follies. We have found that wisdom is man's sole heritage — to receive and to pass on — a brilliant light of liberty and humanity enlightening the world.

In the true possessor, wisdom is not measured by knowledge or intellect. It is reflected in the student's search for learning, the scholar's search for facts, the philosopher's search for truth.

To lack wisdom is no disgrace; to lack the desire for wisdom is a pity; but to desire wisdom and not know how to find it is a tragedy.

The search for wisdom is a lifelong quest; it is forever incomplete and forever challenging. WISDOM Magazine joins the past, the present and the future in the creative drama of ideas. It brings men into closer knowledge of each other, gives them strength to face the challenge of transition, and thus helps to prepare them to meet the world of tomorrow with courage and understanding.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

FREDERICK MAYER is one of the outstanding young philosophers in the United States. Author of eight books and over a hundred articles, he is a professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands (Calif.). His feature this month gives an insight to Immanuel Kant's philosophy.

JAMES C. FERNALD won the Bowdoin Prize in English composition at Harvard and spent three post-graduate years in Newton Theological Seminary. He began writing "Historic English," © 1921 by Funk & Wagnalls Co., from which "The Bible's Martyr" is excerpted, 10 years before his death. It was a more personal work than the other 25 books that bear his name and he enriched it with all the ideas created in the most mature years of his literary life.

ALAN GREGG, vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation in charge of Medical Education, compares heredity traits to a shuffle of two decks of cards. "Experiment in Human Heredity" is composed of excerpts from his original work "Character Building in Children," © 1949 by Child Study Association of America.

HARRY HANSEN has written a biographical resume on the beloved author, O. Henry, which gives an insight to the cause and effect of the man's works through the influences in his life. Mr. Hansen's sketch appears as an introduction to "The Pocket Book of O. Henry Stories," edited by him and published by Pocket Books, Inc. © 1956. He is Editor of the *World Almanac*.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON was a Baptist minister who served in New York City and Philadelphia. In his career he wrote and edited 83 books. "Life's Unfinished Symphony" is a work from "A Treasury of Inspiration," © 1951 by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., edited by Ralph L. Woods. The author's poetic prose touches the inner-feeling of philosophy as well as psychology. Among his inspirational works are "Altar Stairs," "Living Everyday," "Living Up to Life" and his autobiography, "River of Years."

GEORGE SPEAIGHT'S long experience as a puppet showman, together with the lifetime of research which he has devoted to the subject, is the foundation of "Comedy, Farce, and Mime." It is drawn from his "History of the English Puppet Theatre," published in America by John de Graff, © by George G. Harrap & Co., Ltd., London. This is a fascinating history of the little-known art which played a large part in the entertainment world of our ancestors.

H. W. SCHWARTZ' authoritative and scholarly writings on musical instruments have been considered the standard American text on the subject. "The Violin" is taken from "The Story of Musical Instruments" © 1938 by C. G. Conn, Ltd. Mr. Schwartz was a major contributor to the "Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians" and has written "How Music is Made." His latest work will be published this fall.

ARTHUR L. MURPHY is a general surgeon in private practice in Halifax and also attending surgeon, Victoria General Hospital. A Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, Fellow of the American Association for Surgery of Trauma and a Governor of the American College of Surgeons, his writings have appeared widely in national and international journals of surgery. "The Feeling Heart," is an article from his book "The Story of Medicine," © 1954 by Bouregy & Curl, Inc. Dr. Murphy has also done newspaper and radio writing.

JOHN A. O'BRIEN has been associated with Illinois and Notre Dame Universities. His book "The Art of Courageous Living," by McMullen Books, Inc. and © 1950 by Father O'Brien, ends with "Here ends the reading of this book – Now for the living of it." The Editors have selected "Courage for All" which stresses the need of the world today is courage.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, spent nearly 20 years in the jewelry business while writing and publishing poetry. He became distinguished as the author of lyric poems, critical prose, parodies and translations. "Poetry Comes to America," is from his book "Early American Poets," © 1952 by Library Publishers. Among his other works are "Roast Leviathan," "Burning Bush," "Blue Rhine," "Black Forest" and "Moses," a historical novel.

LEWIS ATHERTON has written the saga of country towns from the time of the Civil War to the present day. "The Country Doctor," is selected from this book entitled "Main Street on the Middle Border," © 1954 by Indiana University Press. While waiting for a chance to write about "important" things, Mr. Atherton began to write about his own stamping ground in Missouri and developed his style for local color.

THOMAS CRAVEN'S highly stylized writing on art topics as a critic and biographer enriches the subject of his discourse. "Venice—the Courtesan City" is a provocative and sensuous excerpt from his book "Men and Art," by permission of Simon & Schuster, © 1931 by Thomas Craven. His words in black ink do not lose the color of his imagination.

JOHN MASON BROWN, noted author, editor and drama critic, has taught at Harvard, Yale, Columbia and the University of Montana. He is one of America's most successful and popular platform lecturers. "Shall We Converse – Or Just Talk?" is drawn from "Still Seeing Things," © 1950 by Mr. Brown and published by McGraw-Hill Book Co. His widely-read books on a variety of topics include "Broadway in Review," "Two on the Aisle," "Upstate," "The Modern Theatre in Revolt" and "Insides Out." Known on both radio and television, he is a contributing Editor of *The Saturday Review*.

GUSTAV SCHENK, long an experimenter in the field of toxicology, is a well-known German writer on scientific subjects. His first book to be published in this country is "The Book of Poisons," © 1955 by Rinehart & Co., from which "Tobacco's Silent Conquest," is selected. It is the amazing story of what happened after Columbus discovered tobacco on his first voyage to America.

R. GRANDVOINET sums up the Swiss and their Garden of Eden in his article "The Swiss Way of Life" taken from "Switzerland in 1951" © 1951 by David McKay Co., and edited by Eugene Fodor. Vital climate, extremes of geography, ethnic diversity and good sound thinking have combined as formidable assets, not only for Switzerland itself, but as an oasis for the rest of the world. "Blessed are the peacemakers" is a proven truth in the politics of this country.

L. DALE COFFMAN, dean of the University of California at Los Angeles Law School, estimates the value of an education in "When Is a Man Educated." It is taken from his speech before the Pasadena Council for Educational Research. Dean Coffman states that demands are always for the "best" in any profession, job or service and one must maintain constant vigil for new information and facts to supplement each day's usage.

MARION BAUER & ETHEL PEYSER have co-authored a history of music from prehistoric times to jazz and swing days. "Beethoven, the Colossus" is from this work, "How Music Grew," © 1925, by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Their biography of the master of music reveals how the majesty of his musical emotion stemmed from his character.

W. BERAN WOLFE, author of books on popular psychology, wrote "The Fear Within," as an introductory essay to "The Pattern of Life" by Alfred Adler, © 1930 by Rinehart & Co., Inc. His other books are "Calm Your Nerves," "How to Be Happy Though Human" and "Successful Living."

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET, poet and prose writer, represents the finest flowering of native American literary culture. He not only caught the authentic "folk-mind" in such inimitable and adroit tales as "The Devil and Daniel Webster" but also captured the larger American spirit in "John Brown's Body" and "Western Star." "The Power of the Written Word" is from an address given on the Blashfield Foundation and appears by permission of Brandt & Brandt. Benet turned his whole dynamic power against modern international aggression in indictments like "They Burned the Books." In both poetry and prose his technical artistry was subtle but highly effective.

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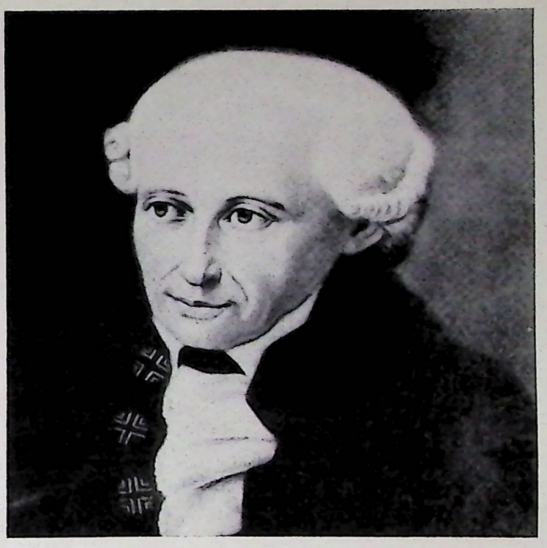
Invitation TO UNDERSTANDING

by Frederick Mayer



Two things fill me with increasing admiration and awe:
The starry heavens above me and the moral law within me.
—KANT

Immanuel Kant was a product of the eighteenth century, the age of reason, and yet all his life was dedicated to the search for faith. He thought that philosophy ultimately ends in paradoxes and that our heart has a *certainty which our mind cannot comprehend.* More important than our theories is the way we act; more significant than analysis is our capacity for faith; more valuable than our intellect is our sense of morality. *To Kant man was the summary of the universe and the climax of nature.*

What is morality? Is morality only a reflection of our social environment or do we have an innate sense of right and wrong? Kant believed that we all have a sense of duty and that our moral obligation is primary. In our own time we have become more skeptical of moral laws and many have embraced the gospel of relativity.

Still, civilization, in the long run, is determined by its moral basis. Morality depends upon our capacity to be aware and to identify ourselves with others. Morality is a sensitivity which radiates and which makes life more sublime. Morality is an *eternal quest for compassion* in a world often dominated by callousness.

To be specific, moral ideals are exemplified by Schweitzer's heroic work among the natives in Africa and by his boundless love for all those who suffer and who are in need. But morality need not be spectacular; we see evidences of it every day. A mother who sacrifices for her child, a father who works hard for his family, a scientist who is trying to find the secret of cancer, a statesman who subordinates expediency to principle – all are following the voice of conscience. *What we say is only a footnote to our actions. Knowledge is only the prelude to character.* The essential self within us wears no mask, needs no pretension and imitates no one. It is eloquent without using words and profound without intellectual knowledge.

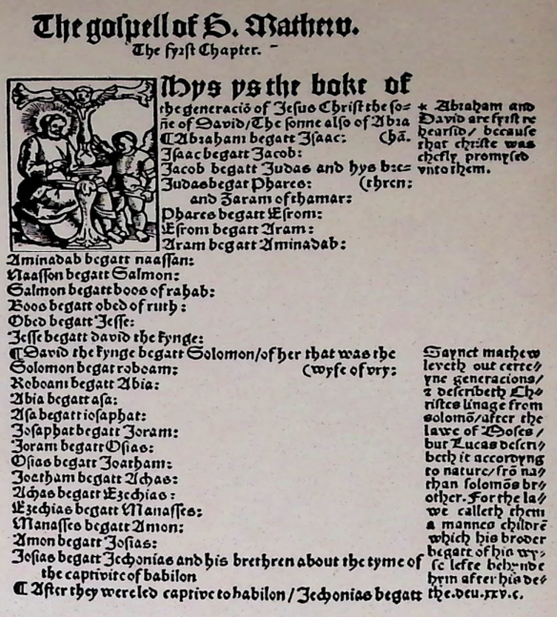
Some may say that the self is only a tiny fragment of the universe. Do we not live a brief existence? Are we not insignificant compared with the infinite space which envelopes us? Are not the stars unconscious of our existence? Is not life a process of vanity and oblivion? Yet man is greater than nature, for he has a conscience and an eternal yearning to make life more meaningful and more abundant – not only for himself but for others.

What joy we can obtain by helping others and by being unselfish. A kind action, a considerate word, a smile of encouragement – these are not insignificant gestures, but symbols of understanding and wisdom which radiate warmth amidst the twilight of human existence.

Many of us today are blinded by the evil of man. We can be helped by a Kantian sense of morality and by stressing *man's capacities rather than his limitations, man's hopes rather than his fears, man's dreams rather than his failures, and man's fulfillment rather than his frustration.* ◆

Though the first English translation of the whole Bible is known as the Wyclif Bible, John Wyclif had very little to do with translating it from the Latin vulgate. Nor did the work of his followers have any influence on our present Bible.

The English Bible was regarded by the Roman Church of England as being of such dangerous and incendiary character that long after the invention of printing no translation into English was permitted. An act of Parliament in 1414 declared that "all who read the Scriptures in the mother tongue shall forfeit land and money." Tyndale (at left) challenged this law. Pictured is a page he translated by hand. The illumination was English with influences of the Byzantine style.



The gospell of S. Mathew.
The fyrst Chapter.

Thys ys the boke of the generaciō of Jesus Christ the sonne of David/The sonne also of Abraham.
¶ Abraham begatt Isaac:
Isaac begatt Jacob:
Jacob begatt Judas and hys brethren:
Judas begat Phares: and Zaram of thamar:
Phares begatt Esrom:
Esrom begatt Aram:
Aram begatt Aminadab:
Aminadab begatt naassan:
Naasson begatt Salmon:
Salmon begatt boos of rahab:
Boos begatt obed of ruth:
Obed begatt Jesse:
Jesse begatt david the kynge:
¶ David the kynge begatt Solomon/of her that was the wyfe of vry:
Solomon begatt roboam:
Roboam begatt Abia:
Abia begatt asa:
Asa begatt iosaphat:
Josaphat begatt Joram:
Joram begatt Osias:
Osias begatt Joatham:
Joatham begatt Achas:
Achas begatt Ezechias:
Ezechias begatt Manasses:
Manasses begatt Amon:
Amon begatt Josias:
Josias begatt Jechonias and his brethren about the tyme of the captivite of babilon
¶ After they were led captive to babilon/Jechonias begatt

* Abraham and David are fyrst rehearsid/ because that christe was chefly promysed vnto them.

Saynct mathew leveth out certeyne generacions/ & describeth Christes linage from solomō/after the lawe of Moses/ but Lucas describeth it accordyng to nature/frō nathan solomōs brother. For the lawe calleth them a mannes childrē which his broder begatt of his wyfe lefte behynde hym after his dethe. deu. xxv. c.

THE BIBLE'S MARTYR

by James C. Fernald

William Tyndale was a linguistic genius. Born in Gloucestershire sometime between 1490 and 1495, he entered Oxford in 1510 and then took his degree of Master of Arts in 1515. He removed to Cambridge where Erasmus had helped to establish a reputation for Greek and theology. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1521 and became for two years a private chaplain and domestic tutor in a private family of Gloucestershire, preaching at intervals in various villages and at Bristol. Whence and how did he gain his wonderful erudition in those 13 years?

It was said of him by one of the foremost scholars of his day that he was "so skilled in seven languages – Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish and English – that whichever he spoke you would suppose it to be his native tongue." "He had a pure and reverent heart; he was a sound scholar; and he was endowed with that rare natural gift, a delicate sense of language." Withal he had gained a mastery of the then half-formed English style, so that he could not only use it effectively but lift it to a height of power and beauty that it had never known before.

How rare such an attainment is every student of linguistic works knows well, for masters of foreign languages are commonly most forlorn and helpless in using their own.

With this innate endowment is to be remarked Tyndale's sublime confidence that he could give England the entire Bible in the English tongue if but allowed the opportunity. It was while but a private chaplain that in a dispute with a hostile critic he uttered the memorable words, "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause that a boy that driveth the plow shall know more of the Scriptures than thou dost."

Once formed, his purpose was unchangeable, unbreakable. In 1523 he gave up his chaplaincy and went to London, hoping to secure the aid and patronage of the great authorities of the church for the work he had undertaken. He was, however, very coldly received. The church as a body was not ready to make, or even to welcome, a new version of the Scriptures. Tyndale lived on for a year in the metropolis in poverty and hardship, till he came definitely to understand that no English churchman would favor, and that no English printer would dare to publish, his Bible.

"I understood," he says, "that not only was there no place in my Lord (Bishop) of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England."

Here a self-seeking or a timid man would have stopped. Tyndale, however, was a man of different mold. He deeply believed that the Bible was the very Word of God necessary to make men wise unto salvation. He had the learning and ability to make the translation, and to that sacred work he was willing to give his life, either through toilsome years or by a martyr's death. This quiet scholar had a hero's courage.

Indomitable as Wyclif before him, he decided to face the sorrows, hardships and dangers of exile that he might send back an English Bible to the land to which he could not return. In the year 1524 he left London for Hamburg. In 1525 his New Testament was ready for the printers, and he went to the cathedral city of Cologne to see it through the press.

But even here he was not safe. A spy discovered that the crime of printing an English New Testament was in progress in the

THOMAS CROMWELL, EARL OF SUSSEX

HENRY VIII

CARDINAL THOMAS WOLSEY

German city, and the lone exile was obliged to pack up his manuscripts and printed sheets and flee with all haste. He was so fortunate as to arrive safely at Worms, where four years previously, in 1521, Martin Luther, in the face of the assembled dignitaries of church and state and of the young and arrogant emperor, Charles V, had made his renowned declaration of religious independence. Germany had risen to new life at Luther's appeal, and the city of Worms was now strongly Lutheran. Here, at last, in the year 1526, 3000 copies of the English New Testament were printed.

The remainder of Tyndale's life may be briefly told. In the ten years following the publication of his New Testament he published, in 1530, a translation of the Pentateuch and completed the translation of the historical books of the Old Testament from Joshua to Second Chronicles, which he did not live to publish.

He also completed and published in 1534 a corrected edition of his New Testament which, by the minute examination and care required, must have been a very laborious work. He was still busily engaged in his work upon the Old Testament when in the year 1535 he was treacherously enticed into the power of his enemies, taken to the castle of Vilvoord in the neighborhood of Brussels and kept a prisoner till 1536 when he was strangled and his body burned at the stake. His last recorded words at his martyrdom were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" He had given his very life to give England the Bible — "faithful unto death."

Tyndale's work had been intensely individual. Wyclif had, in a manner, been driven into his translation as the natural outcome of the great controversy in which he had become involved. But Tyndale was engaged in no contest, attacked by no one — a young man practically unknown, sustained or encouraged by no one, representing no sect, party or school. He saw what he deemed a great work to be done. He believed that he could do it, and put his life and all that makes life dear into the vast and perilous task.

The event proved that nothing could have been more fortunate than the concentration of one great personality upon that work, which thus became not a patchwork but a unity. What Bacon did for modern science, Tyndale did for the English Scriptures.

He had not completed the translation of the entire Bible before his death but, as we say in modern phrase, he had "set the pace" — he had created the style and established the model according to which all the remaining work must be made, and was made, to conform.

Tyndale was the first to translate the Scriptures from the original Hebrew of the Old and Greek of the New Testament. Wyclif had been compelled to make his translation from the Latin, the one text available in his time, but the Renaissance had put into Tyndale's hand the Hebrew and Greek originals. He was so thorough a scholar as to read them easily and conformed to them with scrupulous care. Thus he was original, following an untrodden path.

Yet his originality was too real for self-conceit. He was great enough to see the nobility and excellence of Wyclif's version, and kept its substance while supplying its defects, correcting its errors and retouching all, so that the grand language of the earlier time came forth remolded into the living English of his own day. Hence it is, probably, that the diction of Tyndale's Bible and of the succeeding versions founded upon it is so predominantly Anglo-Saxon.

Yet Tyndale was scholar enough and independent enough to use freely the words of Latin or Greek derivation which in his day had become an accepted part of English speech. In his diction these are so deftly interwoven with the older language that we never think of them except when we stop to analyze, while yet

they contribute to the beauty, the rhythm and even to the simplicity of the composite speech.

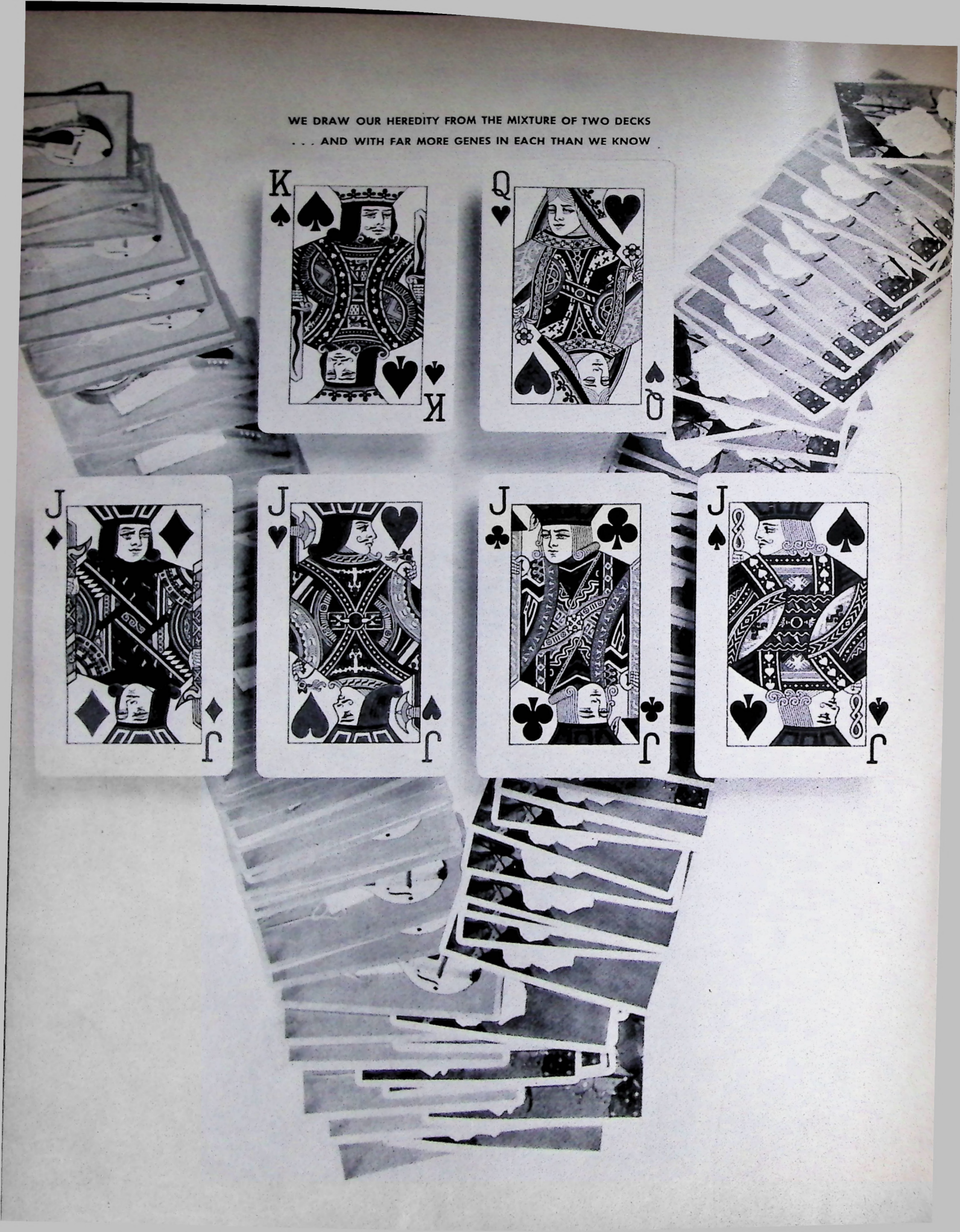
There had been no apparent demand for an English Bible except in the soul of this adventurous translator. But once the book was made the demand appeared overwhelming. English public sentiment, half-tamed by persecution and by the Tudor despotism, was resting like the waters of a great reservoir, placid on the surface but ready, when some daring hand should break the edge of the dam, to pour over in resistless flood through an ever-widening channel.

It is stated that not less than 50,000 copies of Tyndale's translation were issued from the press before his death. How greedily they were received in England is shown by the strenuous governmental endeavors for their suppression.

Even before the printing of the first edition was completed, a hostile prelate of Frankfort warned Henry VIII and Wolsey to watch the English ports to exclude its importation, so that the volumes were to be seized as contraband at any English custom-house. But they were smuggled in, hidden in bales of merchandise and by other devices, in great numbers, as appears from the relentless industry by which they were seized and burned wherever found. Agents were even appointed to buy up copies on the Continent and burn them there, so that they should by no possibility ever reach England. All this proved the eager demand for such a work.

When in 1529 the mighty prime minister, Cardinal Wolsey, fell, Thomas Cromwell, an ambitious, cold-blooded politician, without religion or principle, rose to power in his stead. Then, when in 1531-1532 Henry definitely broke with the papacy and proclaimed himself supreme head of the Church of England, Cromwell reasoned that it would be a good thing to have an English Bible in circulation in order to emphasize and make permanent the rupture with the papacy — on this he had staked his whole political future — and that it would be a popular measure to give the people what they so evidently wanted. It was because this irreligious politician determined the English people should have a Bible under the protection of the government that translation swiftly followed translation. ◆

Tyndale's bibles were placed in churches after the first reading in the crypt of Old St. Paul's four years after his death. At the deaths of Henry VIII and son Edward, his daughter Mary Tudor reigned five years as a Catholic and persecutor. Protestant leaders found asylum in Geneva where they printed small, easily-transported bibles to smuggle to England. In 1558 Queen Elizabeth reinstated Protestantism and Tyndale's bible. After her, James I signalized his reign with a new translation by 47 scholars.


WE DRAW OUR HEREDITY FROM THE MIXTURE OF TWO DECKS
. . . AND WITH FAR MORE GENES IN EACH THAN WE KNOW

Experiment in human heredity

by Alan Gregg, M. D.

In the summer of 1931 it occurred to me, in an idle hour, that by the year 2000 our descendants will know a great deal more about human heredity than we know today. Obviously, when that knowledge comes, people will have a greater interest in the character traits of their ancestors than merely in names and dates and places of birth, marriage and death.

The science of human heredity is, at the very best, in hardly more than a very early stage of its growth. It is still at a stage when comprehensive observation and careful records are perfectly justifiable scientifically.

But the worst mistake regarding heredity derives from the widespread ignorance of one of its simplest laws. This is the so-called law of filial regression. In effect, this "law of nature" describes a uniform tendency for a strongly marked heredity trait in a parent to be less strongly marked in the offspring.

This is easy to understand if one remembers that since the trait is exceptionally strong in one parent, it is likely to be much less marked in the other parent, and therefore may be diluted in the usual process of hereditary transmission.

In this fact there is hope, if it be an unpleasant trait, and a check on too great expectations, if the trait is pleasant. Thus nature seems to protect her children by avoiding extremes.

A young man who stands six feet three in his stocking feet, who marries a girl of average or less than average height in whose family none of the men have been taller than, say five feet eight, can look forward to children whose height will regress or go backward from his own excessive stature. They may not be as tall as their father; hence the term "filial (concerning children) regression (going back to the average)."

If both parents are of tall stock, even though one of them may have been stunted by illness or malnutrition, then the children may be taller than their parents, a fact observable nowdays because of better hygiene and child care.

The interrelationship of heredity and environment appears to be just subtle and complicated enough to escape the comprehension of people who cannot understand a result may come from a combination of causes and not from one cause alone.

Heredity deals with potentialities – environment, with bringing out the potentialities. How stupid to insist on ignoring one or the other. How regrettable to assume that when a child has two parents and is also the result of both environment and a mixed heredity, he will exactly equal one or the other of his parents.

Yet the importance of heredity is ignored or belittled by minds incapable of taking more than one factor into account.

I find some embarrassment in the fact that if I am to correct what seems to me to be an excessive importance nowadays attached to environment, I must exaggerate the role of heredity to present an evenly balanced view of reality. It seems necessary to be extreme in the service of moderation and absurd in order to arrive at reasonableness.

The truth is all the more difficult to find because all the potentialities of heredity are settled long before the tasks of environment can begin. It is like playing good bridge after the cards have been dealt.

Even this comparison fails in one point for it suggests we all draw our hereditary traits from a single, uniform deck of human heredity which is the same for every one of us. But we do not.

We draw our heredity from the mixture of two decks. Neither of these decks is entirely visible or verifiable, now or in the past and with far more genes in each than we know.

If we do not provide a good environment for a child his hereditary possibilities will not become apparent, but that is not a good scientific reason for turning our attention entirely away from heredity. That would be a kind of intellectual cowardice, which you can practice if, like a neurotic, you insist on ignoring the facts. If you do so insist, then there are penalties for such deliberate ignorance.

There are plenty of parents who feel perfectly fantastic degrees of guilt at the outcome of what they regard as nothing but the product of their own mismanagement. The child is thus doomed to be brought up in the gloomy atmosphere of parental disappointment or defeat, from which he can escape, if at all, by pitying himself as the irresponsible product of parents' monumental ineptitude.

Then there are parents who take out their frustration in bitter resentment and hostility to the child whose failure to respond to the perfect environment is, they feel, a willful destruction of their fond hopes and efforts. What an atmosphere to grow up in! What a price to pay for insisting that environment is everything!

Another common consequence of explicit and exclusive reliance on environment is the conviction that you can manufacture human beings according to specification. According to this assumption, we can neatly contrive to make our children stand – not on their own feet – but on our own ambitious shoulders and thus reach unimagined heights while the audience gasps at them and applauds us.

One more mistake of those who insist that environment is everything. They overload their children with stimuli which they call advantages. They crowd their children with an impatient succession of sensations and demands. They cheat their children of the very thing they are proudest of having done themselves, namely, succeeded in spite of not having had all the advantages.

They do not seem to know that it takes time for a child to respond fully and completely to a powerful impression. They misrepresent or they misinterpret that beautiful stillness of children when vivid impressions are being organized into happy memories or creative responses.

The fact that so many creative men and women tell us that in their childhood they had much illness or loneliness or lots of time to swing on the gate is more significant than we realize.

Illness and freedom from overstimulation give a child time to absorb his impressions, to integrate and organize them, and finally to create from his whole being a response.

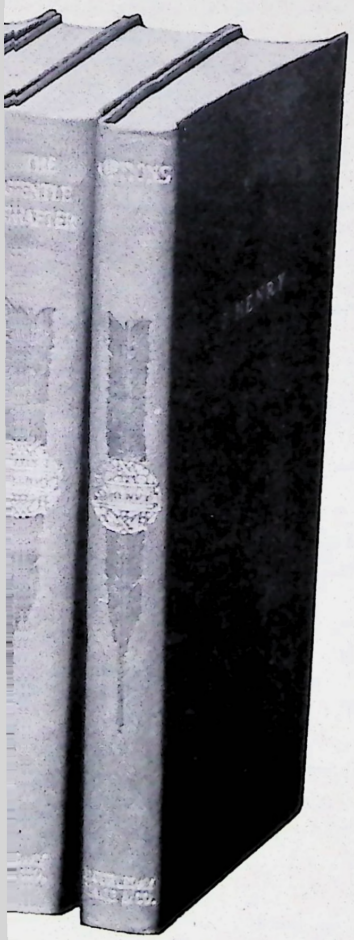
Unless we give children time to organize their sensations and impressions – in short, time to react to their environment – we shall continue to see a profusion of moralists and rebels and all too few women and men of solid, steady virtue and stability. ♦

O. HENRY

ROLLING STONES
SIXES AND SEVENS
THE VOICE OF THE CITY
SIXES AND SEVENS
ROLLING STONES
SIXES AND SEVENS

America's short-story teller

by Harry Hansen



For nearly 50 years thousands of Americans have found in O. Henry's stories the magic key to their own brand of Arabian Nights entertainment. In the ten years of his greatest activity, from 1900 to 1910, he wrote nearly 300 stories filled with good-humored comment on the fortunes of men and women and touched the drab routine of city life with the brush of romance. He wrote when George Ade was creating merriment with his *Fables in Slang*, and Finley Peter Dunne was turning the laugh on politicians with "Mr. Dooley." His popularity has outlasted both. "When I get low-spirited I read O. Henry," said Robert H. Davis, his biographer. Today the desire to read him is as persistent as ever.

O. Henry was the pen name of William Sidney Porter, who was born in Greensboro, N. C., Sept. 11, 1862 and died in New York, June 5, 1910. In later years he spelled his middle name Sydney. His schooling stopped at 15, but not his reading and his eagerness to write. As a lad he worked in a Greensboro drug store, which today celebrates his name. At 19 he went to Texas to live on a sheep ranch and build up his health. He became a good horseman and even a bronchobuster before he went to Austin, where for some time he worked in the general land office.

Everything that happened to Porter after he grew aware of

the picturesque life around him has filtered into his stories. That is why they are located in the cattle country, Central America and New York.

But the stories of city life, for which he is most famous, have in them an acceptance of life's ironies that may reflect his own bitter experiences. In his 15 years in Texas, during which he married and became the father of a daughter, somber events cast a shadow on his friendly spirit. He had become a teller in a bank and lost his job when his accounts showed irregularities that ran slightly over $1,000. His Austin employers seem to have been reluctant to prosecute him; for nearly a year he worked on a newspaper in Houston unmolested.

Then, apparently to avoid arrest by federal authorities, he went to New Orleans and soon after took passage for Trujillo, Honduras, which became the locale for the connected adventures in his first book, *Cabbages and Kings*. He was called back to Austin by the serious illness of his wife, who died soon after his return. He was then tried on a federal charge of embezzlement and convicted.

For three years and three months Will Porter served in an Ohio prison, a helpful prisoner who took his punishment gamely, although ever after it cast a shadow on his life. Out of it came his compassion for underdogs and some of his best stories, notably *A Retrieved Reformation*, which made a national hit as a play called *Alias Jimmy Valentine*. His pen name has been traced to the captain of the prison guard, Orrin Henry. Porter thought "O. Henry" sufficient as a signature. When he began writing he asked editors to keep his identity secret.

In New York, O. Henry lived in rooms near Madison Square and in Irving Place and carried on a feverish struggle to pay his bills with money earned by his stories. His friends, Robert H. Davis, Arthur Bartlett Maurice, Irving S. Cobb and other editors and writers have described his quarters in Irving Place, where he had a front room with windows reaching to the floor. Here he would sit and stare at the passers-by, while he wove little nets of adventure around them. He began to put the lonely and hopeful little people into his stories – girls who, he imagined, drifted to the big city eager for love and a career, and became the playthings of fate, young men who looked eagerly for advantages, bums and misfits who accepted adversity with a boastful air and sometimes displayed a sentimental, story-book attitude.

If the plot was tragic, O. Henry spiced the action with a bit of dialect and nothing was ever so drab that he could not supply a touch of tinsel. It was at this point that he invented the snapper or twist, which gives an unexpected ending to many of his stories. This is best exemplified in the shorter tales, such as *The Furnished Room*, *The Skylight Room*, and *Springtime a la Carte*, but it occurs also in some of the longer ones. It will be recognized as an elaboration of the conventional anecdote amusing to American listeners since the days of the group around the cracker-barrel at the country store. O. Henry was an inventor of plots, fantastic situations in which characters capered rather than lived. His aim was entertainment, and to hold the reader he made his characters perform. He often thought of them as yearning for romance, and so he made them put on a brave front when their fortunes were low, aping the well-to-do and living a sort of modern Arabian Nights atmosphere. And although he rarely described a full-length character or dug deeply into his motives, he visualized him as an individual, part of the vast currents of the city's life. When he was protesting that it would be wrong to call Nancy, of *The Trimmed Lamp*, a shopgirl because she worked in a store, he wrote: "There is no type, but a perverse generation is always seeking a type." He rarely made a man so bad that the culprit did not apologize for his shortcomings. Underlying all of O. Henry's stories is this attitude of friendly understanding, a willingness to accept all the waifs and strays as members of the human family. Sometimes O. Henry is amused by them, sometimes ironical, and at times he leans toward the sentimental, but he accepts what fate deals out and he would rather make a crook ridiculous than vicious.

O. Henry hit his stride in his second book, *The Four Million* (1906), which became widely popular. Forty years after its first publication, *The Gift of the Magi* was produced as a motion picture. Other stories appear in *The Trimmed Lamp* (1907), *Heart of the West* (1907), *The Voice of the City* (1908), *Roads of Destiny* (1909), *Options* (1909), *Strictly Business* (1910), *Whirligigs* (1910), and in *The Gentle Grafter*, *Rolling Stones* and *Waifs and Strays*, published after his death.

No formula for storytelling remains unchanged, if the author has vitality and ambition. O. Henry's stories were immensely popular in his lifetime but there is evidence, both in the final work and in his expressed intentions, that he was dissatisfied with glibness and wanted to dig deeper into human behavior. He wanted to strip a man of his conventional manners and attitudes, for "about the only chance for the truth to be told is in fiction." In reaching this conclusion from his own experience, O. Henry was reiterating the conviction of scholars that the myth reveals more than the historical record. Moreover change was already taking place in storytelling, even among the professed entertainers. Underlying motives of human conduct were being traced to mental and physical vagaries, and the effect of social and economic influences on the individual's course in life was being weighed. What O. Henry might have accomplished cannot be guessed, but it would have been substantial.

Today O. Henry's stories take on the character of period pieces. Just as Bret Harte's stories revive the pioneer West of miners, gamblers and road agents, so O. Henry's tales revive the ways of the early 1900's. When he poked fun at the Gentle Riders, the Rough Riders of the Spanish-American War were fresh in everybody's memory. To Americans the little republics of Central America seemed just as absurd as he described Anchuria; Richard Harding Davis had romanticized their revolutionaries and adventurers. The talk about "tainted money" expressed the growing resentment of the public against immoderate gains by unfair business methods. Perhaps the modern reader will get his biggest kick from the fabulous buying power of money in O. Henry's day. According to one of his stories a dinner of steak with mushrooms cost 50 cents and the more fashionable 60-cent table d'hote included wine. O. Henry wrote Al Jennings about his first year in New York in 1902 in pleased terms: "I have all the work I can do. Have averaged about $150 per month since Aug. 1."

He was a shy, retiring man who enjoyed a drink and the company of a few intimates, chiefly editors. He was always pressed for time, because the stories he wrote were short and his funds easily exhausted. Editors who clamored for more stories kept him grinding away. To him life was a haphazard business in which rewards were bestowed erratically but he looked on its vagaries with a tolerant smile. Luck and chance play a big part in his stories, tragedy enters, but bitterness stays outside. When his career ended with a stroke at 47 some of his best work was still to come but he had made an indelible impression on the short story and many of his tales will last. ♦

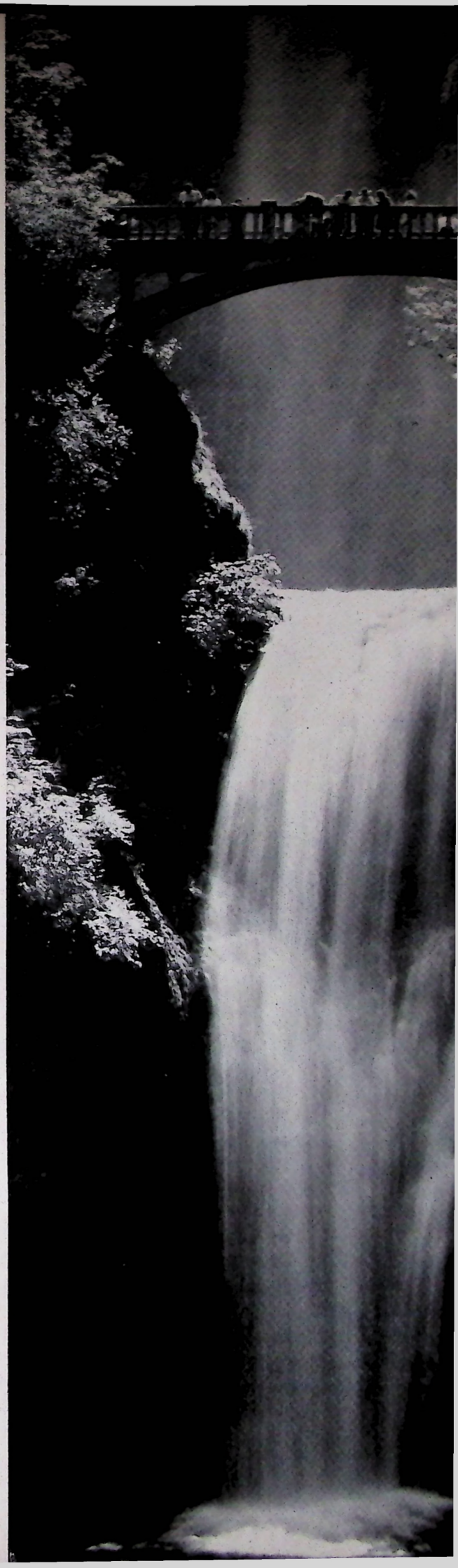
Life's unfinished symphony

by Joseph Fort Newton

In a world wistful with half-revelation, we keep vigil in our hearts . . . Often disappointed, but never losing hope, we are sure of one thing, that the curtain has not yet rung up on the last of the world drama; there is more and that more may come at any moment with surprising suddenness. Human life is a symphony, but it is an unfinished symphony, and we are waiting the last movement; the last, or undiscovered chord which will give the meaning to the discord at the very moment when it is resolved.

There is *a melody. We cannot hear the birds sing, look into the eyes of a friend or behold the heroism and loyalties of men, without knowing there is a melody; but it is a broken melody, and "nature slides into semitones, sinks into a minor, blunts into a ninth, and still we wait for the C-major of this life."*

Yet always there is a sense of Something very near, trying to lay hands upon us. Something seeking to make itself seen and heard and felt. The world aches with the stress of a silence that tries to speak, but is tongue-tied as in sleep, because we do not hear. Here and there a hint, a gleam, of the Eternal bursts through, and as much, or as little, as we see is our religion. ◆



Comedy * Farce * and Mime

by George Speaight

The husbandry of the vine has not changed greatly in 3000 years. Then as now, steep valleys ran down to the Aegean Sea. Then as now, peasants toiled through the hot summer to raise a precarious crop from a stony and arid soil. Then as now, the harvest was gathered in with prayer and hope, and brought home with celebration and rejoicing. And after all was done there would be food and wine for the laborers, and songs in praise of Dionysus – or Bacchus – the god of wine and fertility.

Encouraged by the wine they had drunk, we may imagine one reveler after another leaping into the firelight with a dance, a song or a speech. Smearing their faces with the dregs of wine, these humble peasants would escape for a moment from the awkward cages of their bodies and strut as gods in some primitive ritual.

As the centuries passed, the improvisations of a Bacchanalian orgy grew to a pattern, and a religious ritual became increasingly dramatic. The drama was born.

The stories of the gods and of the mortals who defied them, cast in the rigid mould of Greek Tragedy, were enacted in vast amphitheaters and written down in words that can still thrill us today. But side-by-side with this Comedy, Farce, and Mime were shaped by the universal delight in mimicry and buffoonery, and by the sixth century before Christ the existence of a popular drama can be discerned.

The rustic revellers had given to this form of theater elements that it was never to lose. It was a drama of stock types rather than of individual characterization, probably largely extempore,

and the actors wore masks upon their faces. The plays, like those of Tragedy, brought the gods to earth, but here as the equals of men to share the scrapes and the indignities of our common lot: Dionysus, Apollo, Heracles, Jove himself, were displayed in burlesques of the divine mythology, and intermingled with these there ran simple sketches of domestic life and homely family farces.

Little of this was written down, and hardly any literary records have survived. Our knowledge of its very existence can be gleaned only from a few stray hints, a few vases and terra-cotta statuettes. There is said to have been a type of Dorian Mime that originated at Megara, from which the Old Comedy of Aristophanes was derived. It is certain that the Greek colonists in Sicily and Southern Italy brought with them a native form of popular drama, the

WHITE ROMANIC THEATRE MASK

ATTIC COMEDIAN,
2ND CENTURY A. D.

Phylax Comedy, which had distinct points of resemblance to what we know of the Dorian Mimes, and about which we have – thanks to the survival of a number of vases painted with dramatic scenes – excellent pictorial records.

A PHYLAX FOOL

The Phylax Comedy disappeared with the decay of Greek influence, but its place was taken in Italy at about the time of the birth of Christ by a roughly similar form of native drama, originating from the Oscan district now known as Campania. This was the Atellan Farce.

With the collapse of Roman civilization in the fifth century after Christ there disappeared the formal theatrical entertainments that had flourished under it. Some of the more literary comedies were preserved in manuscripts, but the elaborate mimes and the spectacular circuses were disbanded, while the great theaters and amphitheaters for which they were designed fell into ruins.

It is usual to imagine that all forms of dramatic activity in Europe were completely suspended until the slow evolution of a new religious drama began to make itself apparent in the eleventh century.

It is difficult, however, to believe that the primitive impulses that had stirred the Mediterranean peoples so powerfully would easily be forgotten, and it is probable that some form of popular secular folk-drama did, in fact, continue to exist up and down Europe throughout the Dark and Middle Ages. It is certain that minstrels, jugglers, acrobats and wandering showmen of all kinds still made their way from court to court and castle to castle. They sang songs, trained animals, mimicked people, walked on their hands, danced and tumbled. They sometimes wore masks.

MEDIEVAL FOOLS

By the end of the fifteenth century the great urge for religious drama that had swept across medieval Europe had worked itself out. New classical and secular ideas were in the air, and it was at this moment in history that there appeared in Italy the extempore form of drama known as the Commedia dell' Arte.

The dramas themselves grew to fit the pattern of the stock characters who made up each little company. There would be at least two straight characters and several *zanni* as comic servants, innkeepers and other plebeian roles. The *zanni* were the life and soul of the piece with their witty or foolish answers and their ingen-

ious *lazzi* or comic business. Within this framework the changes could be rung on hundreds of domestic comedies and farces. Each actor played the same part in every play and, if contemporary reports are to be believed, there were among these Italian comedians some of the most brilliant actors in history.

An enormous gap of over a thousand years stretches between the last records of the Atellan plays and the first of the Italian Comedy. We can only conjecture that the basic stock types lived on as the

PULCINELLA AND PANTALOON

sub-dramatic grotesque figures of popular festival, ready to be brought once more into the light of literary comment by the brilliant improvisations of a generation of natural comedians.

There is one character among the *zanni* that interests us particularly. Pulcinella was not the oldest or the most important of the comic servants, but he did acquire a considerable local prominence in Naples. As far as can be ascertained, he first appeared as a regular mask in these plays in about 1600. Here we see a shambling *zany*, dressed in the loose white shirt belted outside his trousers that was in essence the daily costume of the sixteenth century Italian peasant. His nose appears to be slightly – but not ridiculously – hooked.

During the next century this figure and mask became standardized. With the years he developed other more farcical characteristics. He was gross of speech, indecent in gesture, and a braggart who ran away at the sight of danger, but even when he was most a buffoon he was ever one of the *lazzari*.

But this hook-nosed Neapolitan peasant, foolish and sly, boastful and cowardly, is an immortal human type that was not invented by anyone in 1600, but had been living for one, two, who knows how many thousand years before he joined Scapino, Fricasso Cocodrillo, Bagatino, and the rest of these capering mountebanks as they danced and clowned their hungry way through Renaissance Italy.

It was not long before these companies of actors began to travel beyond Italy, and to bring the gesticulating grotesques of the Italian Comedy to France, Spain, Holland, Germany and England. Everywhere they were greeted with the delighted patronage of the courts and the scandalized protests of the Puritans.

Although they never took the firm root in London that they had in Paris, the Italian Comedy was not without its influence upon the budding Elizabethan drama, and its characters, certainly Pantaloon, were known by Shakespeare. It was, however, by more devious channels than the legitimate stage that the *zanni* eventually triumphed in England.

Although he was never a leading actor, Pulcinella travelled with the other characters across the Alps. By the middle of the seventeenth century he was established in France as Polichinelle, in his familiar role of stooge to a quack doctor. But here in France another influence was at work. There had, it would seem, long been a folk tradition of hunchbacked fools in the French popular farces and merrymaking, and in some way this humpback became fathered upon Polichinelle.

In due course the French Polichinelle returned to Italy, and had some influence upon his native originator. In Venice, in particular, Pulcinella became generally hunchbacked and wore a tall, round rigid hat – like a deep inverted flower-pot. But in Naples, his birthplace, and in Rome, the original Pulcinella – on the stage, in carnival or as a puppet – remained unchanged.

We do not know whether Pulcinella came to England with the Fiorilli troupe in 1673, when they were loaded with gold and silver plate and returned to play daily in the palace at Whitehall as if it was a public theater. But if he did he would have found himself not unknown to London society, for his reputation and his mask had gone before him. Punchinello the puppet had already staked a prior claim upon the hearts of the English. ◆

A scene from a typical commedia dell' arte performance is shown above. This special theatrical activity, developed in the second half of the 16th century, is distinguished by the fact that actors improvised their words and worked only from a plot, theme or subject. It is "professional comedy" as opposed to "amateur or literary comedy." Although a spectator went to see the same scenario many times, it was always a different play he witnessed. This opportunity for comic variety was not unlike an Atellan farce, where written dialogue was mingled with words conjured up for the occasion.

THE VIOLIN

by H. W. Schwartz

The first true violin was made by Caspar Tieffenbrucker, born of German parents in the Alps mountains of Italian Tyrol about 1467, or 25 years before Columbus discovered America. His instruments are said to have been heavily inlaid and ornately decorated and must have excelled in appearance more than in musical quality. By 1520 a number of violin makers, building on the work of Tieffenbrucker, had gravitated to Brescia, a town in Lombardy less than 50 miles from the Tyrol border, and had founded what was soon to be known as the Brescian School. This group of craftsmen flourished for 100 years and boasted men like Gasparo da Salo, Maggini, Kerlino, Zanetto, Cortesi and Peregrino.

The finest of all violins were produced about 40 miles from Brescia, at Cremona. This little town on the banks of the Po River began attracting attention because of its fine violins about 1550. Illustrious names were those of Andrea Amati, his son Geronimo, and Geronimo's son, Niccolo, three generations of great craftsmen who brought the Amati violins to such a high stage of development. One of Niccolo's most talented pupils was a young man named Antonio Stradivarius, born in the midst of the violin-making industry of Cremona about 1645. He studied under Niccolo until he was about 20 years old, when he left the Amati tutorship and began making violins after his own ideas.

For the next 15 years, however, his violins still strongly resembled the Amati models. Gradually he progressed to the so-called "Long Strads," and by 1700 he had pretty definitely formulated the ideas and methods which resulted in the famous Stradivarius violins. The violins made between 1700 and 1730 were his greatest; from 1730 until he died in 1737 he made few violins, and these were of varying quality. It is no wonder, for by 1730 Stradivarius was about 85 years old, and a number of the violins which he commenced were finished by his son and by his pupils.

Other great names associated with the Cremona School, besides the Amati and the Stradivarius families, were the Guadagnini, Ruggeri, Guarnerius, Bergonzi and Storioni families. Carlo Bergonzi was a famous pupil of Antonio Stradivarius who undoubtedly finished some of the late Stradivarius violins started by the master. Of the Guarnerius family, Joseph was the most famous, having made a fine violin used after his death by the greatest of all violin virtuosos, Niccolo Paganini. The middle of the eighteenth century had hardly passed when the glory of the Cremonese School began to fade, marking 200 years of great achievement, the golden age of the violin. No other one group of violin craftsmen has ever equaled the famous makers of Cremona, but it is not true that the art of violin making died with them, for there have been many wonderful instruments made since then, and are still being made.

Many of these old violins are now worth thousands of dollars. Some of them have been sold for as high as $50,000 and others have brought $15,000, $25,000 or $40,000. But just because an old violin has lain in the attic for generations, or has been handed down from father to son, is no sign it is a valuable Stradivarius, Guarnerius or Guadagnini. There are many "phony" Stradivarius violins circulating around, and it takes an expert to tell whether they are genuine or not. If all the so-called Stradivarius violins were gathered together their number would be so great that it would have required a score of Antonio Stradivariuses to make them, even though they all lived to be 90, as did the great master.

Experts say that Stradivarius made about 950 violins during his whole lifetime, besides about 150 violas and cellos. There are today authentic records of about 425 genuine Stradivarius violins besides seven or eight violas. There no doubt are others still in existence, but the chance of finding one is slight.

Labels mean little to the experts. Their trained eyes and ears look for more dependable information, such as tone quality, varnish, workmanship and many little telltale clues which only the experts see at all. There are many copies of famous violins made — copies made to the smallest details.

There is a great deal of hokum surrounding the violin, especially the violin of the great masters. It is popularly believed that what made the old violins good was a collection of trade secrets which died when these great old craftsmen died, just as the art of making stained glass died with the thirteenth-century Gothic cathedral builders.

Most authorities on the violin now agree that the achievements of the old masters were due, not to any magic formulae or trade secrets, but to more prosaic reasons. These craftsmen were born into the violin-making art. They grew up with it. They thought of nothing else. To be a great violin maker was the ambition of every boy in the village. This singleness of purpose is at the basis of all great achievements in art and craftsmanship. Apprentices were given long and exacting training. Journeymen labored years before they were graduated into masters of the craft.

All their work was done with infinite care, unflagging patience, consummate skill and an inspired desire to achieve great things. Among these craftsmen there grew up a distinct *esprit de corps* similar to the religious fervor which was the driving force behind the conception and erection of the great cathedrals in the thirteenth century, and similar to the artistic standards and devotion to a craft which characterizes the wood-carving Passion Players of Oberammergau. There was just one end in life for the Cremonese workman, and that was to make each violin a masterpiece and to make each successive instrument a bit better than the former one.

That these old masters reached a high stage in the development of this instrument is attested by the fact that their violins never have been surpassed, if ever quite equaled. Many experiments have been made during the past 200 years without contributing a single important improvement. Violins have been made of all kinds of wood, seasoned and treated in all kinds of ways. Many materials other than wood have been used, but without success.

Contemporary with Antonio Stradivarius were such great violinists as Corelli and Tartini; but Stradivarius was dead nearly 50 years when the greatest of all violinists was born — Niccolo Paganini. Although unquestionably endowed with amazing ability, Paganini could not have achieved his great technique had it not been for Francois Tourte, the great French "Stradivarius of the bow." The masters of Cremona had brought the violin to a high stage of development, but they seemed to have neglected the bow. No doubt Corelli and Tartini would have developed greater technique and would have composed more brilliant solos and concertos for the violin could they have availed themselves of the improvements in the violin bow made by Tourte after they were dead.

Ten years after Stradivarius laid down his tools and the gluepot and was buried in Cremona with fitting honors, Francois Tourte was born in Paris. He early became interested in improving the violin bow.

Before he was 30, Tourte was famous as the maker of fine violin bows. The bow before Tourte was short, heavy and clumsy; he made it light, flexible and resilient. He worked out a delicate balance and graceful shape and fixed its length at a fraction over 29 inches. He also invented the movable nut for loosening and tightening the hair. The hair itself was carefully selected and placed in the bow, and a few less than 150 hairs were found to give the best results. ♦

VIOLIN VIRTUOSO

"Born in Russia, first lessons at three, debut in Russia at seven, debut in America in 1917," is the way Jascha Heifetz tells that music-making is his story.

Through radio and recordings the art of Heifetz has been brought into the homes of the world and into remote places where concerts are unknown. He has made over 100 transcriptions, ranging from Bach and Mozart to Ravel and America's own Stephen Foster.

The seriousness of Heifetz' approach to music is best described by Deems Taylor who wrote: "I have never known a musician with more artistic integrity. He has reached the point that every great artist, creative or interpretive, must reach; the point where he has achieved such mastery of his craft that he knows he will never completely master it. He plays the violin so well that he knows what a lesser artist will never know; how good violin playing might be . . . and . . . he is still learning to play. He has only one rival, one violinist whom he is trying to beat: Jascha Heifetz."

Celebrated in this country for nearly 40 years and an American citizen since 1925, Heifetz was born in Vilna, then part of Czarist Russia. His father was a professional violinist and his first teacher. At seven Jascha made his first public appearance in Kovno playing the Mendelssohn Concerto. At nine he was accepted as a pupil by Leopold Auer at the Imperial Conservatory in St. Petersburg. There he also learned to play the piano, harp, viola and almost every other instrument of the orchestra.

With his fame in Russia preceding him, Heifetz made his Berlin debut at 12 following with appearances in Leipzig and Vienna. He was touring the Scandinavian countries when World War I broke out and returned to Russia, playing concerts all through the difficult winter of 1916-17 when machine guns were spattering the Petrograd streets and Kerensky rose to the helm of the new government. It was then that his parents decided to take Jascha and his two sisters for a long journey across Siberia, to Japan and Honolulu and on to their ultimate destination, New York.

At 16 Heifetz made his debut at Carnegie Hall. His triumph that day made violin history and music history. Thirty years later, he figured he had logged nearly 100,000 hours on his violin, "the equivalent of over 10 years of playing 24 hours a day," and had traveled almost two million miles. During World War II Heifetz and his violin volunteered "for the duration."

On his trips Heifetz carries his violin case firmly in his own hand. Neither his piano accompanist nor personal representative is permitted to touch it. It contains both his great violins, the Stradivarius and the Guarnerius, as well as the four precious bows.

The most sentimental item in his violin collection is the quarter-size fiddle with which his Uncle Naoum welcomed him upon his return to Russia in 1934. It was the violin on which Heifetz, at three, took his first lessons. The bow, bridge and strings were gone but the little tape by which it used to hang on a peg on the wall remained. Heifetz said: "I'd have known it among a million."

Though all of Heifetz' violins are insured, his hands aren't. He does not worry about them. They are beautiful hands but functional-looking. They can do practically anything. They have worked for civilian defense. They haul rope and handle the tiller of a boat. Their ping-pong service is excellent. They are sensitive to the tiny adjustments of a camera and they know and love the feel of old book bindings. They are good at handyman's work and in the garden. They have helped in the kitchen, preparing favorite dishes. They can play a ukelele and the accordion. They write musical manuscripts, transcriptions of works originally for other instruments, rearranged to swell the concert repertoire of the violinist.

And—they play the violin. ♦

HEIFETZ, *portrait by Karsh*

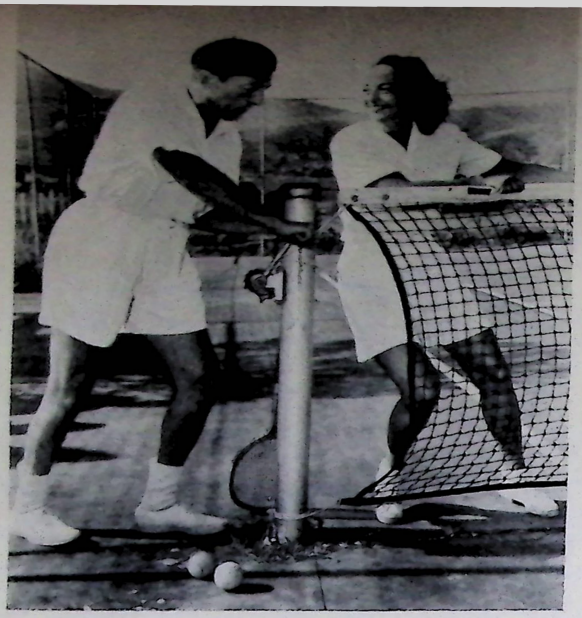
When he gave a concert in Boston, a group of Boston Symphony members attended and listened deeply moved. When the recital was over a delegation went backstage carrying a wastebasket piled high with their own violins.

"I don't know how he did it, but he was playing better after 10 hours of recording than at the beginning," said a technician after a lengthy recording session with Jascha Heifetz.

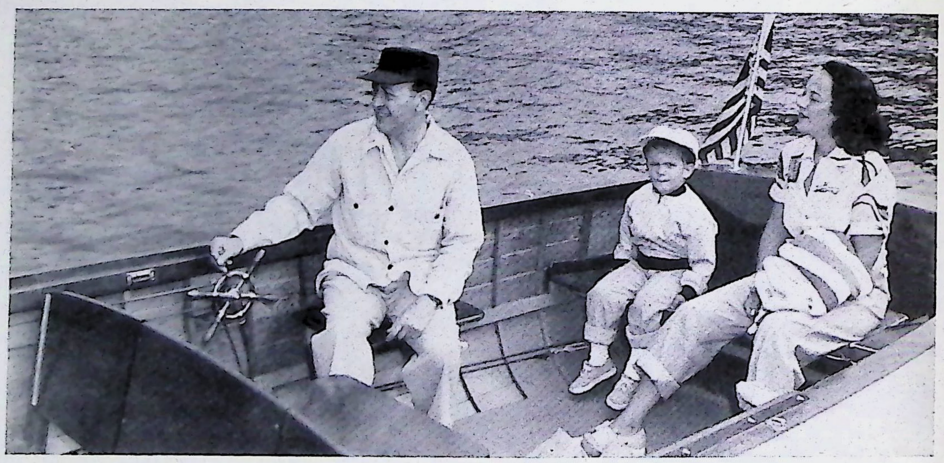
The answer is that Heifetz is a musician with prodigious concentration and capacity for work, coupled with an uncanny awareness of performance requirements under any conditions.

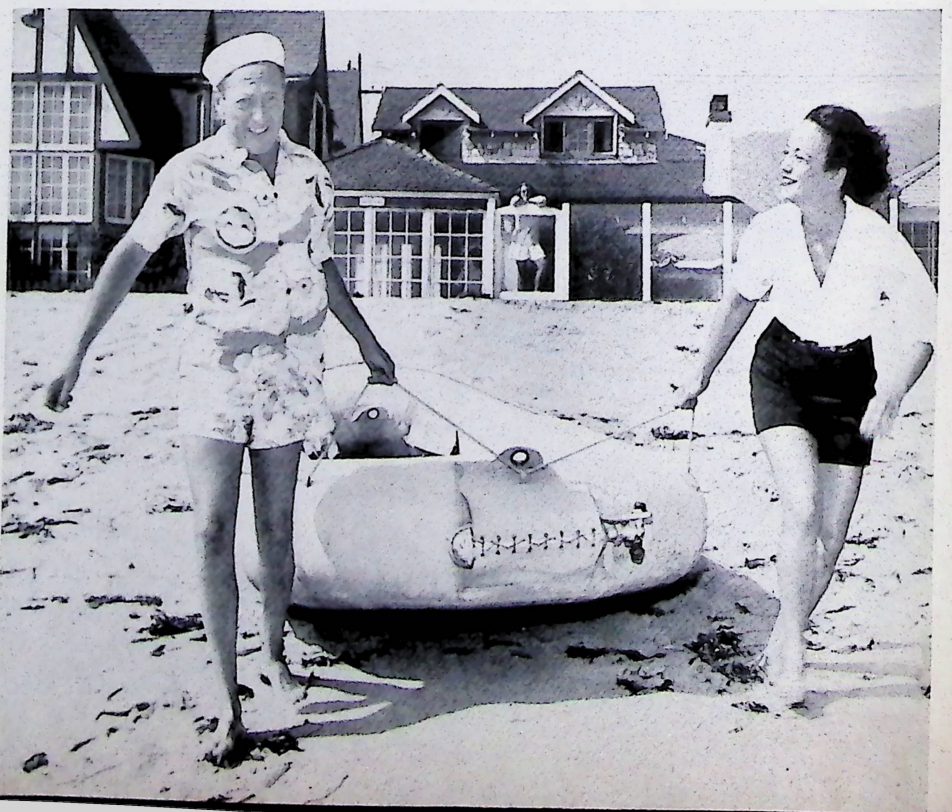
Another partial explanation may be found in the violinist's sense of humor which is never submerged by his art. At the completion of his recording of the Bach Double Violin Concerto, in which he played both parts, an engineer congratulated him upon the fiendishly difficult achievement of synchronizing the playing of a second violin part to a playback of the first while wearing earphones. "I never knew I was so difficult to follow," commented Heifetz.

Heifetz has all the attributes of a great artist "... absolute command of the instrument ... sensitivity ... poetry ... largeness of vision."



"Home" is a precious word to the man who, since he was seven, has lived in hotels, planes, trains and boats. With his wife Frances and their son Jay, he spends time at their home in Malibu Beach and in Beverly Hills, California.





"When you give your child the ability to recreate one of the immortal compositions of Mozart or Chopin, you have given him a medium of self-expression that will galvanize his personality as long as he lives."

Heifetz participated in extensive tests to compare the relative values of the original handmade violins with those produced by modern and industrial methods. He reported that a modern $200 fiddle produced tones whose quality compared favorably. "There are first class violin-makers right here in our own country."

from the Wisdom of JASCHA HEIFETZ

We do not need to be educated musically. We simply need to guard against musical miseducation. Our own ears, unless they have grown so used to mediocrity that they have lost their keenness, will do the rest of the job for us.

★ ★ ★

I feel strongly that every child—not just the musically gifted—should receive some musical instruction. With rare exceptions, children have an instinct for music, are to a certain extent musical and should be musically developed.

For the child's own future enjoyment, his own satisfaction, he should learn to play an instrument. These days, when we are trying to make things easier for our children, we may be too timid about the process of their learning an instrument. Children should be forced to learn an instrument, gently but firmly.

★ ★ ★

Criticism does not disturb me, for I am my own severest critic. Always in my playing I strive to surpass myself, and it is this constant struggle that makes music fascinating to me.

★ ★ ★

Can you appreciate music without playing it? Yes, you can. You can appreciate baseball without playing it. Many people attend a football game merely for the crowd, the excitement, the color.

★ ★ ★

You always hear of the "delicate, sensitive artist." I assure you that it takes the nerves of a bullfighter, the digestion of a peasant, the vitality of a nightclub hostess, the tact of a diplomat and the concentration of a Tibetan monk to lead the strenuous life of a virtuoso!

The great compensation, of course, is the human one. In the course of giving concerts I have been around the world many times. I know literally thousands of people in all parts of the globe. I don't suppose there's a place in the civilized world where I haven't friends. If that's not a reward for service, what is?

★ ★ ★

Instinctively we recognize good music. "Instinctively" is not a good word. Scientists don't even believe the birds build their nest by instinct these days. But, somehow or other, we know the real thing.

When I have played in country schools where the children had never heard a flesh-and-blood musician in their lives, they listened attentively when I gave them good pieces. When I gave them second rate pieces — as an experiment only — they wriggled and stared out of the window.

★ ★ ★

You can "just listen" to the Brahms violin concerto and enjoy it keenly. But if you read Brahms' life you appreciate it more. If you have listened to phonograph records of it you will appreciate it ten times as much.

★ ★ ★

Guide a youngster's fingers over a piano keyboard, and let him pick out Yankee Doodle. From that moment onward he will have a heightened appreciation of music.

★ ★ ★

There's not a living human being who doesn't need luck. You need luck every time you have a concert. You worry over weather and transportation. Trains and planes are sometimes late; taxis have been known to break down. Then, at the hall, you worry that a string might snap or the lights fail or that a page-turner might flip over two pages at once.

★ ★ ★

You must preserve your enthusiasm for playing. Loss of that enthusiasm is deadly to musicianship.

★ ★ ★

Music has a lot in common with mathematics. But in music two and two need not make four: they add up to whatever you wish.

★ ★ ★

If I weren't a violinist, I would like to be a writer. What would I write? A book on the sham and hypocrisy in our world. The kind of book few people would buy . . . about all the upside-down things in the world, the things that pretend to be one way, but aren't.

★ ★ ★

There is no such thing as perfection. You establish a standard and then you find out it is never good enough. When I play a piece well, I always hope that tomorrow I'll play it better.

★ ★ ★

I have discovered three things which know no geographical borders – classical music, American jazz, and applause as the sign of the public's favor.

Joseph Lister, father of aseptic surgery and hospital sanitation practice, contributed important techniques to general surgery. He also introduced the wire needle, aortic tourniquet, sinus forceps, ear hook and other surgical instruments and developed a double cyanide of mercury and zinc.

The best monument to him is the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine in London. He was one of the founders at its inception in 1891.

THE FEELING HEART

by Arthur L. Murphy

One day—it was after he had become famous—Joseph Lister was asked to name the first requisite of a surgeon. He said, "A feeling heart. People do not always believe me. But it is so." And it had been often so—that people did not believe him, that they laughed and ridiculed him. But Lister's way of life seems to have been planned from the day of his birth, a steady, unwavering, upward struggle toward an inevitable goal.

His father invented a better microscope and the son, too young to understand what he saw, peered into its depths and marvelled. His earliest papers, as he graduated in medicine, were on the microscope. Lister, above all his science, first in physiology and then in surgery, was primarily a practitioner, a man whose aim was to heal. Such a serious young man he was, full of understanding for the obligations of his chosen work.

"To introduce an unskilled hand into such a piece of Divine mechanism as the human body is a fearful responsibility," he said, and as he made his hospital rounds from bed to bed, with the stench of pus in his nostrils, he must often have wondered if the responsibility were not too great for any man.

Everywhere he met putrefaction and death. There was no such thing as a small operation. The tiniest wound, under hospital care, might lead to the graveyard. In self-protection Lister's hospital demanded that the new patient deposit money to cover possible funeral expenses. The discovery of anaesthesia, great aid to surgery that it was, made for more and bigger operations. Death rates soared to new heights, until Sir James Simpson, who first smelled chloroform, said, "the man laid on the operating table in one of our surgical hospitals is exposed to more chances of death than the English soldier on the field of Waterloo."

Lister forgot about his experiments in physiology as the stench permeated his soul. Others might accept it, might turn their brains to devising an improved bullet extractor or curing diseases with the "thin white curd of asses' milk," but he could not believe this was nature's way of healing. He must have more postgraduate work. He applied to James Syme, Professor of Surgery at Edinburgh, and was appointed to the Royal Infirmary.

He went happily, to spend a month. But he had underestimated the influence of Syme's personality, and made no allowances whatsoever for the charm of Syme's daughter Agnes.

He wrote his father for advice: "I am encouraged to hope that though I must not expect to be a Liston or a Syme, still I shall get on. Certain it is I love surgery more and more, and this is a

great point. Also I trust I am honest and a lover of truth, which is perhaps as important as anything. As to brilliant talent, I know I do not possess it but I must try to make up as far as I can by perseverance."

Edinburgh became his home. He began to study inflammation, in the wards and in the laboratory, through his microscope. Without knowing, he was preparing himself for a piece of news that soon would come over the English Channel.

In the wards he came across a rarity, a condition most of his confreres looked on as a freak—a clean wound, one that had healed quickly, and pus free. He drew a chair to the bedside. Hands folded he sat and looked at it. "The main object of my life," he said, "is to find out how to procure this result in all wounds."

But how, indeed, if putrefaction was a process of oxidation, as was commonly believed, if nature ordained that the very air made pus? Lister refused to accept this. And yet, the cleanliness he insisted on everywhere made his wards not a whit better than the others. It puzzled him as did another problem born of a new observation that made him forget his meals and bedtime. It had to do with open and closed fractures. The closed ones always healed and united, while the open ones, where wounds communicated with the air, almost invariably became infected, ending in disease, amputation or death.

It was a friend who taught chemistry at the university who told him about the little Frenchman, Louis Pasteur. He had just shown that spontaneous generation was false, and that microbes soured wine. He wanted to know more.

Because Lister had read Pasteur's paper on spontaneous generation, he was busy with flasks, open and closed, proving it for himself, between patients and operations. Always through his head ran a refrain—open and closed flasks, open and closed fractures. He watched his closed flasks of milk and urine remain clean while the open ones teemed with microbes. If these were in his open fractures—the air was full of them. They must be! Fractures were like flasks—open and closed. Putrefaction was the result of germs, a kind of fermentation of tissue!

Here was something that could be met and fought. He must find an antiseptic that would kill the microbes within the wounds, without injuring the tissues. More important yet—he must prevent the microbes from ever getting in. That was the great thing. Carbolic acid had been used to disinfect sewage. It was clean and cheap. He applied dressings of it to his arms, in different strengths, to learn how much the skin could stand. This one burned him and left a little numb, white patch but that—that was just right, strong and yet not too strong.

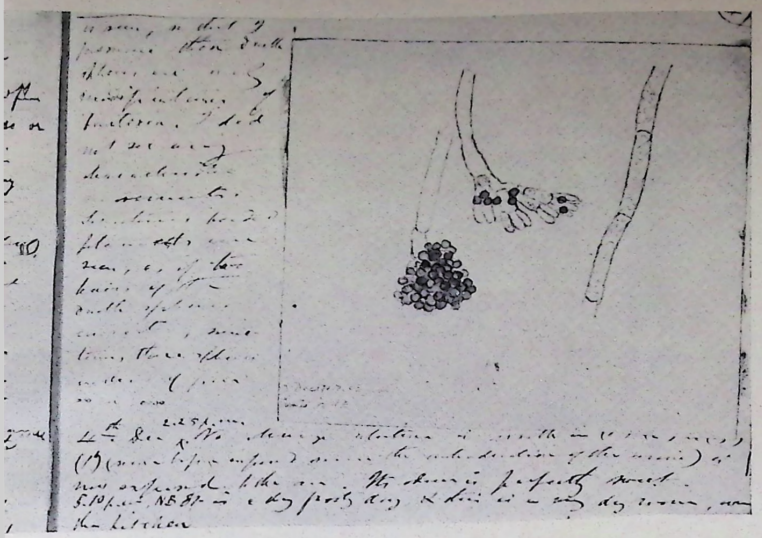
A boy was admitted to the Glasgow Infirmary, a boy who wanted to live and seemed likely to die from the great, gaping wound and fracture of his leg. Lister washed his instruments in carbolic. He washed his hands in it, cleansed the injured wound with carbolic dressing—sealed out air and microbes with carbolic acid. The wound healed cleanly. The boy got well.

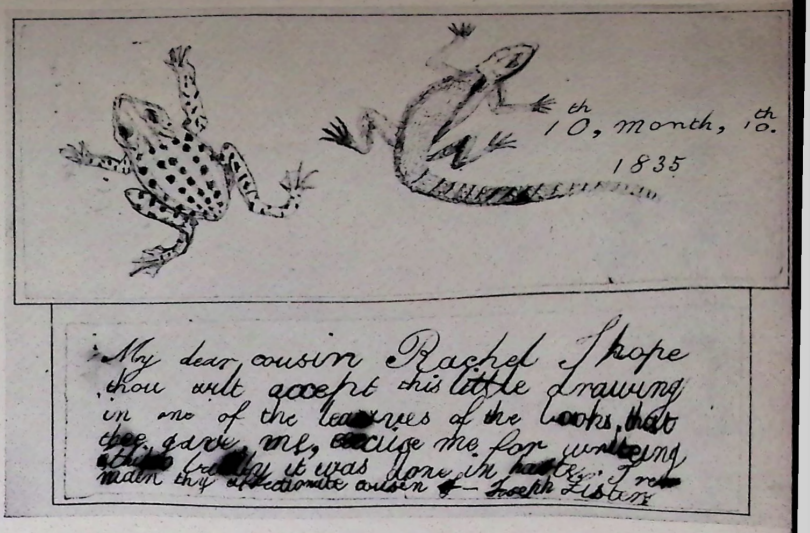
Lister worked over better methods. He devised a carbolic paste to cover his wounds and a spray to purify the air when he operated. His patients thrived and loved him. Lister was operating, healing by day. At night he paced his office, watched flasks, worked with carbolic.

He addressed the British Medical Society: "Since the Antiseptic System has been brought into full operation and wounds and abscesses no longer poison the atmosphere with putrid exhalations, my wards, though in other respects under precisely the same circumstances as before, have completely changed their character, so that during the past nine months not a single instance of pyaemia, hospital gangrene or erysipelas has occurred."

This should end the story of Lister's battle against infection.

Opened as a public hospital for the relief of poor sick persons, the Staff of Medicine and Surgery belonging to King's College had access to it for teaching purposes. A staff of nurses was arranged for with the Sisterhood of St. John's House, from where Florence Nightingale recruited many of the nurses she took with her to the Crimea. Lister and his President Staff are shown above in the old King's College Hospital. Though he retired from the active staff of King's in 1893, he remained associated with the Medical School until he died in 1912.





Lister's interest in detail is illustrated by a drawing he made when eight years old. This same interest is shown at left when he drew the Penicillium specimen in one of his "Commonplace Books." Recorded in November, 1871 his notes gave the key for penicillin but he did not pursue them further:

On microscopic examination, bacteria in the fluid from a glass with a slight growth of Penicillium "exhibited the most amazing energy," whereas those from the glass with profuse growth of Penicillium were "comparatively languid, multitudes were entirely motionless and there was not the same appearance of dense groups."

But it is little more than the beginning. In his own hospital, and all over the British Isles the response was three-fold—abuse, ridicule and indifference. Perhaps the fact that Great Britain had no Virchow, Koch or Pasteur to make her more conscious of the wonders of advancing medicine had a little to do with it. Lister met the abuse that, 25 years before, had driven Semmelweis insane.

Lister's new operations, made possible by freedom from infection, were attacked. "I have been charged with enthusiasm," answered Lister, quietly and tenaciously as always, "but I regard enthusiasm with reference to the avoidance of death, pain and calamity to our fellow creatures as a thing not at all to be ashamed of." He fought on, winning slow, grudging conviction in Glasgow by pure logic and facts – facts in the form of healthy wounds, of living men.

He returned to Edinburgh, taking the professorial chair of his beloved Syme who had died. He met the storming opposition of Sir James Simpson who, with a dullness he had once focused on poor Semmelweis, now thought Lister's antisepsis reflected on his own method for stopping bleeding.

Slowly, Edinburgh began to understand. Lister loved the beautiful city. He was happy there. But duty was calling. From London had come a young surgeon to spend a day learning his methods—the methods he had labored over for years!—and London was unimpressed.

Lister began to look southward. He could take his assistants with him but not his students, the young men who had always understood, who had given him confidence and hope, cheered him when their elders doubted. They wrote a petition begging him not to leave them. But the cause of humanity now lay in London, and to London he went.

Even before the great city was won, he was invited to lecture on the Continent. He accepted gladly. It was another chance to promote the cause. His reception astounded him. The word had gone before. Here was no coldness, no ridicule. They cheered him, knelt to him, wept over him. His bold foray changed to a triumphal march, from center to center, with Agnes beside him.

Lister did not pause. He invented the absorbable, catgut ligature, so that blood vessels might be tied off and the wound closed over them—to keep out infection. He devised a new drainage tube for abscesses and used it the first time he had an opportunity, which happened to be on Queen Victoria.

He did many other things but I think we shall leave him here. He is speaking, "If we had nothing but pecuniary rewards and worldly honors to look to, our profession would not be one to be desired. But in its practice you will find it to be attended with peculiar privileges, second to none in intense interest and pure pleasures. It is our proud office to tend the fleshly tabernacle of the immortal spirit and our path, if rightly followed, will be guided by unfettered truth and love unfeigned." ♦

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON *by John Singer Sargent*

THE NOBLE TASKS

by Robert Louis Stevenson

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more; he has a hopeful spirit who should look in such an enterprise to be successful.

A man dissatisfied with his endeavours is a man tempted to sadness. Noble disappointment, noble self-denial are not to be admired, not even to be pardoned, if they bring bitterness. It is one thing to enter the kingdom of heaven maim; another to maim yourself and stay without. And the kingdom of heaven is of the childlike, of those who are easy to please, who love and who give pleasure. Mighty men of their hands, the smiters and the builders and the judges, have lived long and done sternly and yet preserved this lovely character; and among our carpet interests and twopenny concerns, the shame were indelible if *we* should lose it. Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties.

If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy – if I may.

In his own life, then, a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise; he is on duty here; he knows not why and does not need to know; he knows not for what hire, and must not ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good; somehow or other, though he cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others.

Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head, and all the time like a blind child. Full of rewards and pleasures as it is – so that to see the day break or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinner-call when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joys – this world is yet for him no abiding city. Friendships fall through, health fails, weariness assails him; year after year, he must thumb the hardly varying record of his own weakness and folly.

It is a friendly process of detachment. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. *Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much:* – surely that may be his epitaph of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will he complain at the summons which calls a defeated soldier from the field: defeated, ay, if he were Paul or Marcus Aurelius!– but if there is still one inch of fight in his old spirit, undishonored. The faith which sustained him in his life-long blindness and life-long disappointment will scarce even be required in this last formality of laying down his arms. Give him a march with his old bones; there, out of the glorious sun-colored earth, out of the day and the dust and the ecstacy– there goes another Faithful Failure! ♦

COURAGE FOR ALL

by John A. O'Brien

Courage is more dependent upon mental attitudes, habits of thinking, methods of reacting emotionally, than upon external circumstances. Being an affair of the mind, it is assailed more by foes within than by enemies without. The chief of these internal foes is fear; it is the arch-enemy of our happiness, the darkest shadow that clouds the radiance of our joy. It assails us in early youth, dogs our footsteps through life and accompanies us to the grave. Unless fear is conquered or at least brought under reasonable restraint, there is little hope of abiding courage or happiness.

What sight is more pathetic than that of the frightened child for whom there are no loving arms to still the heart-quakings? What spectacle is sadder than that of the robust man shrinking and cowering from the ghosts of his own obsessing fear? Fear paralyzes life, robs the victim of the capacity for spontaneous laughter and joy, and causes him to limp through life's colorful scenes like a corpse at a wedding feast.

Fear is no respecter of persons, but assaults the high and the lowly, the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant.

While education has banished certain of the fears which sprang from superstitions of the past, the very complexity of modern civilization seems to have begotten a new brood of phobias.

What help does religion offer in this battle against worry that is making people sick, and against fear that is scaring most of us half to death? It offers the greatest help of all. While the psychiatrist may counsel, and common sense may suggest, religion offers an unfailing solution and points to the specific means of achieving it.

Psychiatry, the science of mental hygiene, proposes three specific remedies. The first is this: Live a clean, upright life, and peace will hug your pillow. Like moths that wither under the sunlight, fear thrives in the dark places of character, in the secret closet wherein there dangles a family skeleton with the ever-present danger of being pulled out into public view. Every form of double dealing begets its secret dread.

The second specific which psychiatry proposes for the conquest of fear is this: Have a deep and abiding faith in God. How paltry and inconsequential the things that frighten us become when once we realize that we are in the shadow of the everlasting arms capable of protecting us from every foe.

The third specific which psychiatry proposes is this: Have a constant love for all mankind. Carry about no grudges. Don't strike back. The pus pockets of hatred are the favorite breeding ground of strife, irritation, and worry.

In addition to the specific remedies which psychiatry proposes for the conquest of fear, it should be pointed out that many of the worries which afflict mankind arise from the reflection upon past mistakes or misfortunes. There is a wide-spread tendency to cry over spilled milk, to lament mistakes long past, which no amount of lamentation can undo. Why worry and fret over past mistakes, when such fretting only robs one of the physical and mental strength to solve present problems? Persons who made unwise investments and sustained heavy losses will never recoup their losses by any amount of grieving and regretting.

True, people should profit by their past mistakes. They should not, however, allow them to become a source of constant misery, depleting their energy and robbing them of the initiative to try again. Instead of merely repeating the doleful words, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'it might have been,'" they might follow a more rational procedure and add this suggestion to the verse: "it might have been a great deal worse."

Even more prolific of worry than brooding over past mistakes is the chronic fear of future ills. We are constantly concerned over something which may happen, but which never does. We worry about the possibility of failing in our studies, in our business, in our social endeavors, in our work. We are continually building bridges for streams that never need to be crossed and climbing mountains that never beset our path; we are constantly imagining difficulties and envisaging misfortunes which we never actually have to face. "Most of our worries," as someone has aptly observed, "never happen."

Worry often has its roots, psychiatry tells us, either in physical weakness or in mental maladjustments. If a person is "run down" and his nervous energy depleted, he lacks the proper resistance to worry and is much less capable of expelling it after it has entered. He becomes the easy prey to a host of phobias, hallucinations, obsessions and complexes which fight vigorously the attempts to expel them. They interfere with digestion, disturb the sleep, and further lower the body's resistance to other diseases.

Mental maladjustments constitute a still more prolific source of worry. Persons who are introverts, constantly turning their thoughts in upon themselves rather than upon the external world, are especially susceptible to habits of worrying. "A great need today," said a distinguished psychiatrist, "is self-decentralization."

Most of us are too self-centered. We make ourselves and our petty concerns the center of the universe; everything else in the universe revolves around our trivial cares. We become petulant and querulous if the entire cosmos does not bow to our whims and caprices. Our only interest in other things is indirect, namely, how they affect our happiness and well-being. Our world is egocentric, and, whenever things do not go our way, we are angry at the universe for not adjusting itself to our wishes, without suspecting that it is we who might well do the adjusting.

The habit of brooding over our troubles tends not only to aggravate and prolong our worries but also to endanger our mental health as well. In shying away from the realities of life, we build private worlds within our minds into which we withdraw in increasing measure. We allow our feelings and emotions to people it with characters of their own creation. The fantasies of our dream world become increasingly real, while the objective realities of life fade into wraith-like unrealities. The wholesome corrective which comes from the rubbing of shoulders with the grim realities of the external universe, which keeps us normal, is lacking.

The remedy for self-centralization is to think less of ourselves and more of others, to become absorbed in some transcending cause which makes our petty troubles sink into insignificance and gradually be forgotten. Instead of introverts we must become extroverts, focusing our interest upon the external world, instead of brooding on our own likes and dislikes and forever mulling over our subjective reactions to life's colorful drama.

Even more than psychiatry, religion helps a person to achieve a proper prospective in life, to secure a sense of values.

With all the losses which a world economically awry can inflict on one, there is still enough to make life worthwhile – wife, children, friends, self-respect, spotless character, noble aspirations, high endeavors, above all, unbroken friendship with God.

These are the values which challenge us each day and fill life with the thrill of adventure and the bright colors of romance. Their achievement is dependent not upon the whims of external circumstances, but solely upon ourselves. The achievement of the supreme values of life challenges us to throw off fear, with its paralyzing effect, searing us stiff and making us die many times before our death. It summons us to leave the slum district of the mind, with its black pessimism and haunting fears, and climb to the mountain peaks where the air is fresh and pure and bathed in the sunlight of heaven. "He has not learned the lesson of life," says Emerson, "who does not every day surmount a fear."

We do not seek to lift ourselves, however, merely by tugging at our bootstraps. We do our best and then appeal to the unfailing assistance of Almighty God. ◆

INSPIRATION

by Robert C. Ingersoll

Let us see what inspiration really is. A man looks at the sea, and the sea says something to him. It makes an impression on his mind. It awakens memory; and this impression depends upon his experience—upon his intellectual capacity. Another looks upon the same sea. He has a different brain; he has a different experience. The sea may speak to him of joy, to the other of grief and tears. The sea cannot tell the same thing to any two human beings, because no two human beings have had the same experience. One may think of wreck and ruin, and another, while listening to the "multitudinous laughter of the sea," may say: Every drop has visited all the shores of earth; every one has been frozen in the vast and icy North, has fallen in snow, has whirled in storms around the mountain peaks, been kissed to vapor by the sun, worn the seven-hued robe of light, fallen in pleasant rain, gurgled from springs and laughed in brooks, while lovers wooed upon the banks.

Everything in nature tells a different story to all eyes that see and to all ears that hear. So, when we look upon a painting, a statue, a star or a violet, the more we know, the more we have experienced, the more we have thought, the more we remember, the more the statue, the star, the painting, the violet has to tell. Nature says to me all that I am capable of understanding—gives all that I can receive.

As with star, or flower, or sea, so with a book. A thoughtful man reads Shakespeare. What does he get? All that he has the mind to understand. Let another read him, who knows nothing of the drama, nothing of the impersonations of passion, and what does he get? Almost nothing. Shakespeare has a different story for each reader. He is a world in which each recognizes his acquaintances.

The impression that nature makes upon the mind, the stories told by sea and star and flower, must be the natural food of thought.

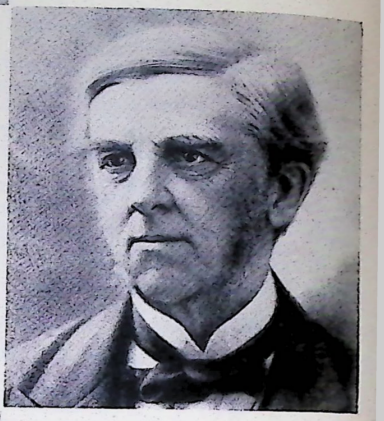
The world is to each man according to each man. It takes the world as it really is, and that man, to make that man's world. ◆

Poetry

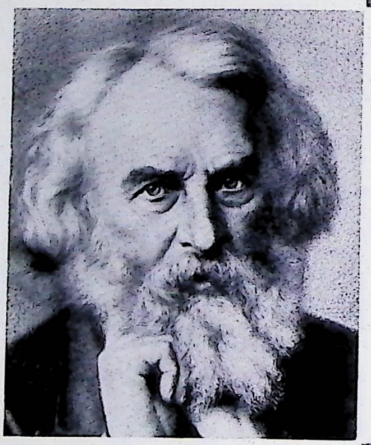
comes to America

by Louis Untermeyer

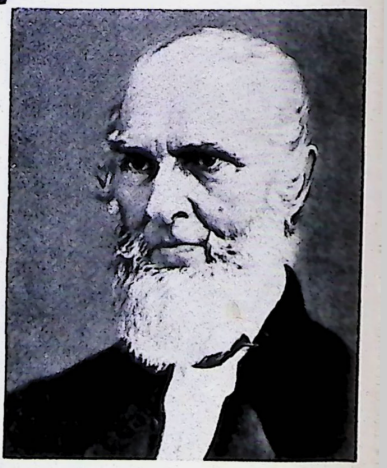
WILLIAM C. BRYANT (1794-1878)



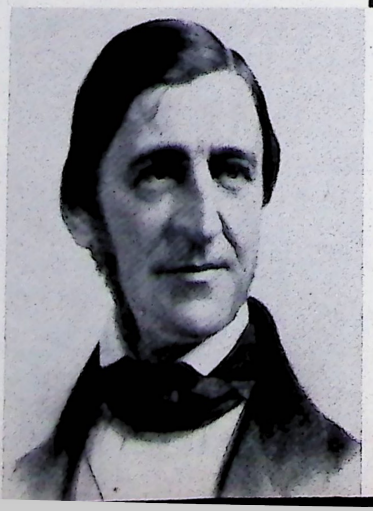
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894)



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

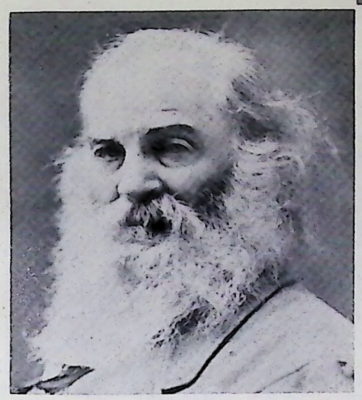


JOHN G. WHITTIER (1807-1892)



RALPH W. EMERSON (1803-1882)

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891)



WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892)

America did not declare independence in poetry as quickly or dramatically as in politics. It adhered to many and widely contrasting traditions before it freed itself from inherited customs, codes and cultures. It expressed itself through scores of imitators before it found its own characteristic way of thinking, reacting and writing. Throughout the so-called Colonial period, scenes and situations of the new world were rendered in the idiom of the old.

Many of the earliest New England poets were born in old England. Others, born on this side of the Atlantic, were contemporaries of that belated Elizabethan, Ben Jonson, the metaphysical John Donne, and John Fletcher, assumed to be one of Shakespeare's collaborators.

The first American poet of undoubted importance was a woman, Anne Bradstreet, daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley, himself a poet. Dozens of competent and sometimes interesting poetasters preceded and followed Anne Bradstreet, but it is not until we reach Edward Taylor that we encounter the first American poet to write with almost overwhelming emotion. Unknown until 300 years after the poet's birth in about 1642, Taylor's work remained buried until a scholar and teacher, Thomas H. Johnson, unearthed and published it. In 1937, engaged in Colonial research, Johnson came upon a passage which revealed that Edward Taylor was the grandfather of Ezra Stiles, an early president of Yale, and that Stiles had deposited the Taylor manuscripts—including more than 300 poems—in the university's library.

The communication of familiar and comfortable ideas was almost as much a part of Colonial literature as the teaching of theology. Puritan literature is by no means as unremittingly grim and austere as it is often pictured. The early verse is enlivened with obviously authentic glimpses of a domestic and far from dour New England. The food and drink, manners and social customs, even the dances and occasional festivities, are graphically recorded in the anonymous "Forefathers' Song."

With Philip Freneau (1752-1832) the background shifted briefly from New England to New Jersey. The change was one in temperament as well as scene. Unlike most of the Colonial authors, Freneau was a soldier, a satirist, an impulsive adventurer and a fervid controversialist. His best poems, however, dispense with wrath and rhetoric and tune themselves to quiet lyricism. A sensitive observer, Freneau was not satisfied to restate platitudes to abstract Nature. He wrote, with loving exactness, about native fauna and flora.

The native note was further emphasized by William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878), often called "the father of American poetry." Influenced at first by Pope, Kirk White and the "Graveyard School," and later by Wordsworth, Bryant achieved a straightforward simplicity which set him apart from his contemporaries. It is true that his feelings are often too well-controlled, and that his serenity sometimes congeals into frigidity.

Nevertheless, Bryant's lines communicate the spirit of the scene. The best of his poems, from the early "Thanatopsis," written when he was 17, to such constantly quoted apostrophes as "To a Waterfowl" and "To the Fringed Gentian," are rich with country sights and smells, the sense of deeply shadowed woods, the passing of brightly plumaged birds and the love of country which filled him as a quietly proud American. If his poems lack exaltations as well as excitement, they do not fail to assure the reader with their calm affirmation.

With Emerson, Whittier and Longfellow, the seeds of American poetry, planted, cultivated and nourished in New England soil came into full flower. The thinking of the period was powerfully influenced by the utterances of the three poets. Their differences as well as their direct impact did much to shape the cultural patterns of their century. Emerson was not only the visionary and revitalizing philosopher, but the stubbornly non-conforming questioner. Whittier was the militant Puritan. Longfellow became the glorifier of simple song.

Although the New England temperament was commonly described as chill, its language laconic, and its outlook grim, there was another aspect of New England which relished badinage and expressed itself in banter. This lighter side was revealed in high-spirited and often brilliant rhymes by Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell. Holmes was the more searching as well as the more accomplished. More casual than Holmes, Lowell was an even nimbler rhymer than his friend and fellow Cambridgian. His father, like Holmes', was a minister. Like Holmes, also, Lowell was an essayist as well as a poet, and both men were famous for their spontaneous and sometimes critical humor.

Among the so-called "lesser New England figures" by far the most interesting are Jones Very, Henry David Thoreau, William Ellery Channing II and John Godfrey Saxe.

The group which had its center in Boston and Cambridge dominated American literature from Colonial times to the time of the Civil War. Its eminence was not challenged until the advent of Poe. At his best Poe fashioned lyrics that were pure music. At his worst he turned out jingles that were sheer nonsense. A discerning analyst and shrewd appraiser of other poets' weaknesses, Poe was a singularly incompetent critic of his own work. He never learned to separate the genuinely inspired from the obviously third-rate.

The year 1819 marked the birth of three authors who reflected three widely differing aspects of the American spirit: James Russell Lowell, Herman Melville and Walt Whitman. Lowell still upheld the New England tradition in attitude and accent. Melville broke away from the polite tone and polished craftsmanship of the period and, in bursts of violent energy and desperate doubt, created a set of allegories epic in scope and mythical in grandeur. Rebelling against all influences, hurling himself into print with a welter of manifestoes disguised as meditations, Whitman accomplished a one man revolution in form and feeling. With Whitman the early period comes to an end and modern American poetry begins. ♦

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

by Lewis Atherton

At the turn of the century only about 40 per cent of the medical practitioners in Illinois resided in Chicago, with the remainder widely scattered over the state. In 1870, Mendon, Michigan, a town of 1000 people, had five doctors. In 1880, Gallatin, Missouri, with 1200 residents, had eight doctors and a dentist. Doctors were available even in small hamlets of 50 to 100 people.

Towns which once had five to ten doctors, and now have none at all, look back to the good old days when doctors lived directly in the community or only three or four miles away. People also remember that the old-time family doctor knew his patients, spent long hours at their bedsides, and charged them modestly.

In actuality, the picture was not so idyllic. In the absence of telephones, country people rode to town to summon physicians and long hours were often lost before they reached the patient. Even within towns, citizens often discovered that their favorite doctor was away on a country call and might not return for several hours.

Doctors were more widely dispersed partly because of the difficulties in communication and travel which often prevented them from reaching a patient as rapidly as they can today.

The feverish haste and anxiety involved in "riding for the doctor" was a common experience before the age of telephones. In the dead of night a parent roused a sleep-drugged son to saddle a horse and race to a nearby village for medical aid.

Arthur Hertzler, in his book, *The Horse and Buggy Doctor*, and many other medical practitioners have published accounts of the training, life and philosophy of the nineteenth-century doctor. In addition to their limited medical equipment, they carried scoop shovels, axes, wire cutters and lanterns on country calls in winter in order to push through snow-blocked roads.

In the absence of nurses, doctors remained with patients until a crisis had passed because they knew that their greatest contribution could be made in nursing. After looking at the patient's tongue and taking his pulse, they could perhaps make a general diagnosis but were helpless to do much more. They could administer drugs to deaden pain and their bedside presence strengthened the courage of family members.

They were priest, confidant and friend rather than skilled specialist, and the services which they had to sell required long hours at the bedside. Their patients still believed in a personal God and lived close enough to nature to understand the cycle of birth and death in the animal kingdom.

Perhaps the patient who yearns for the long visits at the bedside and the personal interest of the old-time doctor is really seeking some meaning in the extra years of life which medicine has given him and renewed faith in a personal immortality. And neither of these can modern medicine provide.

Medical costs were cheap before the turn of the century, moreover, because demands were limited. Kitchen surgery rather than hospitals, home nursing instead of professional care, and the use of doctors only in major illness would reduce modern medical costs quite as effectively as they did in the nineteenth century.

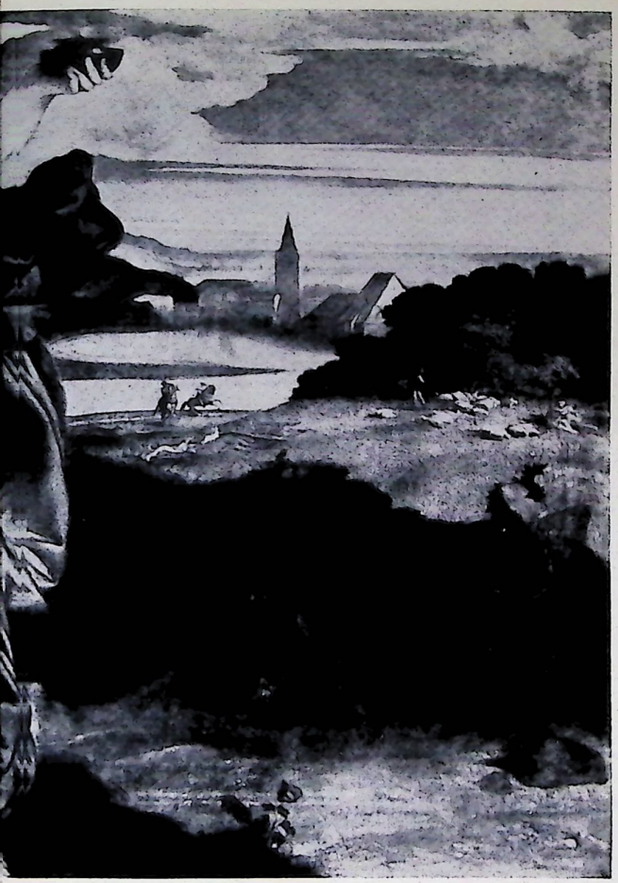
Early medical associations discussed fees as well as other matters. In 1865, the six doctors at Lacon, Illinois, announced a common schedule of charges: Obstetrics—$10, one visit in city—$2, two visits in city on same day—$3, night visit in city—$3, mileage in country—first mile $2, and fifty cents for each additional mile, country visits at night—double the day rate. Prescriptions—$1 exclusive of medicine.

Such charges were not as reasonable as nostalgic memory would have us believe.

Many small-town doctors also operated drugstores. William Allen White's father, who practiced medicine at various times, owned a drugstore in the early 1870's that earned him more than his slender practice.

After a tour of the United States, Lord Bryce observed that doctors took little interest in politics, an observation that would have applied to most other community activities as well. Irregular hours excused them from joining community organizations if they wished, and the number who took advantage of this indicates that perhaps they enjoyed their freedom. Because of their standing, however, their wives often dominated the organized social life of the community. ♦

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE *by Titian*



Venice

the courtesan city

by Thomas Craven

Venice was the courtesan of the Italian Renaissance. During her long youth she grew slowly and warily, developing her talents for adventure and luxury, mastering the arts of intercourse and espionage. When she was fully grown – for a courtesan to be at her best must be amply formed, practiced in cunning and competent to traffic with strangers – she devoted her strength and her stolen wealth to the leisured cultivation of sensual splendor.

The merchants of Venice were gentlemen. Through their mouthpiece Aretino they sang, "Eat, drink and be merry, like liberal men." And liberal men they were unquestionably, although they allowed no one a voice in the government save those nobles whose names were inscribed in the book of Gold.

They made their city the safest and most humanely regulated in Italy. There were no foreign invasions, no internal rebellions, no class rivalries. To safeguard their commerce they relied upon a large and powerful navy and when they had troubles on land, employed mercenaries to fight their battles.

That boundless individualism which was the glory and ruination of Florence did not flourish in Venice. Speedy and cruel remedies

were prescribed for busybodies with political ambitions. The people were perfectly content to leave the business of ruling to the secret councils of the crop-headed nobles.

Pleasure was a state institution. Wealth was equitably distributed. Fathers provided their sons with mistresses. The carnival lasted for six months. There were adequate foundling hospitals. Life was exciting and delightful and no one gave thought to the hereafter.

The patrician lovers of the courtesan of the Adriatic never wearied of her charms. She was avaricious and ingratiating, cruel and irresistibly voluptuous. She demanded the treasures of the East and the West and her merchants, to gratify her rich desires, resorted to spoliation and piracy.

They sold one of the Crusades to their own profit and bled their inland tributaries without conscience. To appease the whims of their mistresses they stole the ashes of St. Mark and buried them in a church which remains the most engaging and gorgeous example of courtesan taste that has ever been put together.

They welcomed foreign traders and money-changers, offering them amorous excitement in return for gold. They bought and sold slaves, white Circassian girls for the Turks and for the education of young nobles, black Ethiopians for the galleys. They rejected papal authority, but were kind to renegade priests and monks.

From the East they learned silk-weaving, glass-blowing, and the more subtle Asiatic vices. To prepare young girls for the fullest enjoyment of life they recommended Aretino's handbook for the instruction of courtesans. Most remarkable of all, by a magical blending of the styles of the Goths and the Orientals, they created a city which intoxicated the senses, a perfect setting for their profane goddess of pleasure.

Venice produced no poets, no sculptors, no chroniclers, no school of literature. Even her architects were imported and most of her painters were provincials. In Florence an artist was a master of all the arts of design, an architect, sculptor, scientist, engineer and humanist. In Venice he was merely a painter.

And the freedom of expression accorded the Florentines in their public commissions, enabling them to depict, in their own way, themes of profoundest human significance and intellectual content was denied to the Venetian decorators. The aristocrats demanded of painting that it advertise the republic, celebrate her charms and flatter her rulers.

The courtesan city had no use for thinking men. Once she had called in a Greek scholar to educate her, but discovering that education was not to be had lightly, withdrew her favors and allowed the poor humanist to die of starvation.

Painting came late to Venice. While her merchants and traders were accumulating wealth and establishing commercial relations

VENUS AND THE LUTE PLAYER *by Titian*

DEATH OF ADONIS *by Sebastiano del Piombo*

LUCRETIA AND TARQUINIUS *by Jacopo Robusti*

THE FEAST OF THE GODS *by Giovanni Bellini*

SAN ZANIPOLO *by Francisco Guardi*

with the East, she had no time for art and it was not until the completion of the Ducal Palace in 1365 that she gave official attention to the matter.

Before that date painting was more or less an applied art regulated by the guilds and designed to meet the requirements of the local churches. It was tame and mediocre, adhering closely to the Byzantine style and exhibiting no signs of originality except in the use of color which was soon to become the distinguishing characteristic of the great Venetian masters.

When it was discovered that no native painters were equal to the task of decorating the Ducal Palace, the city, constrained to look elsewhere for talent, summoned Gentile da Fabriano, Pisanello of Verona and Antonello da Messina, a Sicilian. Those three men practically killed the cobwebbed Byzantine tradition and by the example of an authentic style of narration and portraiture, directed the attention of the Venetians to the rich and picturesque materials of their own environment.

Once the courtesan of the Adriatic had tasted the joys of self-glorification, she smiled upon painting and it flourished as no art had ever flourished before. It abandoned the guild for the dealer. It spread from the church to the schools, or mutual aid societies, from the palace to the private house. It ceased to be the servant of architecture and circulated in the form of the easel picture.

It appeared as portraiture, pageantry, legend and pastorals – anything that was happy and voluptuous and untouched by the sterner realities of life. It shone in the naked bosom of the city like a cluster of jewels.

If ever painting was a popular art, a common language understood and relished by a whole community, it was in Venice in the first half of the sixteenth century. And this popular conception of painting has held to the present day, for the Venetians are generally credited with having brought the element of beauty into picture-making.

The aim and end of Venice was the celebration of pleasure and her painters with untroubled consciences reflected this singleness of purpose. The struggles and miseries of man, his abjectness and nobility, his weakness and his might, the qualities of courage and pity, the whole range of human passions – all these she arrogantly ruled out of her art, content to play upon a single mood.

It requires no very searching analysis of the habits, tastes and desires of man to explain the popularity of Venetian painting. The Venetians are the great decorators of sensuality. They disguise the yahoo that dwells in all of us and adorn man, the animal, with the qualities of civility and splendor.

They go further. Experts in the use of light and color and atmosphere, in smooth surfaces, arcadian landscapes, romantic costumes and delicately rounded forms, they create pictures which assail the senses with an appeal so enchanting and inescapable that we forget the basic voluptuous facts and ascribe to them the higher attributes of spiritual ecstasy and contemplative imagination.

It is no wonder that such an art continues to be popular. The Venetians endow commonplace ideals with pompous distinction and grandeur. They paint the physical side of man with a heroic touch. If this is what painting is for – and there are many who seem to think so – then the Venetians stand alone in art. The men of Venice serve up sensuality as a feast for the gods. ♦

SHALL WE CONVERSE OR JUST TALK

by John Mason Brown

All of us, who can, talk – even when we don't listen. And most of us talk too much. The impulse to talk is what strong men surrender to when they no longer have the strength to remain silent. What steam is to the kettle, talk is to the average mortal, the chief difference being that men and women do not have to come to the boil before releasing it.

We talk out of loneliness, curiosity, or because of emotions, observations, or recollections which automatically well up into words. We talk to while away the time. We talk because our spirits demand constant ventilation. We talk because good talk is one of the most delicious of man's pleasures, and even poor talk is one of the most satisfying of his releases.

We talk for a thousand reasons. We talk to transact business, to find our way, to gain the importance that comes from being the first to carry bad tidings, to ferret out the news of our friends and tell them ours, to express sympathy or receive it, to advertise our operations, to salute the weather, to indulge in gossip, personal or political, or to repeat a joke.

Mainly, however, we talk from the deep-seated, age-old human need to talk. That is one reason why some people, even when they are alone, can be heard mumbling away to themselves, sadly bereft of listeners but happily free of the fear of interruption.

Yet much as we use our tongues, the mere fact that we keep them wagging does not mean that we often achieve conversation. The dictionary makes this clear. It is mercilessly precise on this point. It insists that to speak is to articulate sounds, however disconnected. The act of talking represents a step forward. It implies connected colloquy or discourse. Conversation is on a still higher, hence rarer, echelon. "No, sir," grumbled Dr. Johnson, "we had *talk* enough but no *conversation;* there was nothing discussed."

Each word in the definition of conversation bears not only underscoring but remembering. For to converse is to have an *interchange* in talk of *thoughts* and *opinions.* This sounds at once the death knell of those monologists to whom speech is a monopoly rather than a cooperative enterprise. It also exiles all those whose tongues can be industrious while their minds are quiescent.

"What's that you were saying?" the detective asked Gracie Allen in *The Gracie Allen Murder Case* when, in the midst of her prattle, she had dropped some important clues. "How should I know?" was her reply. "I wasn't listening." This is at once the limitation and the relaxation of most talk. This is why, quite properly, it rejoices in the name of small talk.

The source of its universal popularity is that it demands no concentration and requires no effort. Frankly, proudly, pleasantly, it is a proof of amiability rather than an exercise of the intellect. In leaving the mind untouched, its skill can be enormous. The maintenance of sound is its chief concern.

It shoots the breeze; it chews the rag. It is as contented as the chirping of crickets and as thoughtless as the buzzing of bees. The manner and matter of its droning are unimportant. The main thing is to have it continuous. Because small talk, when it is good, admits no such hiatuses as the pause that refreshes. It lacks both the courage and the will to pause. Deeming silence a sign of self-consciousness, fatigue, or indifference, it feels about a pause as nature does about a vacuum. "I must preach and preach and preach," confessed the prophetic figure in Mr. Shaw's *Too True To Be Good,* "no matter how late the hour and how short the day, no matter whether I have nothing to say."

Small talkers (and everyone is that most of the time) are under the same happy compulsion to keep on small talking. We delight in trivia. We relish the unimportant. Personalities are our substitutes for ideas; silence is our foe. Words, any words, serve us so long as their flow is constant. Speech for us is a reflex, not an effort. It is breathing wired for sound. Voices, our own and others', provide the sweetest music we know.

But, as the great conversationalists demonstrate, talk – large or small – is *not* conversation. The conversationalist, whether he is Dr. Johnson, Goethe, Wilde, Napoleon or Shaw, not only expects others to listen to what he is saying but listens to it himself. ♦

Tobacco's silent conquest

by Gustav Schenk

When Columbus, having dropped anchor off Cuba at the end of October, 1492, sent ashore two scouts during the first days of November, they also discovered tobacco for him. The world's smokers are certainly convinced that this constitutes Columbus' principal claim to historical fame.

"They encountered many men and women, all of whom carried in their hands a glowing coal which was fed with pleasant-smelling herbs. These dry herbs were wrapped in a broad, dry leaf. They were like the little muskets which Spanish children use at Easter. At one end they were lit and at the other end the people sucked and, as it were, drank the smoke by inhaling it. This soothes and drugs them, but, at the same time, it manifestly wards off fatigue. The people call this kind of little muskets *tabacos*."

The editor of Columbus' letters, Bishop de las Casas, writes: "I know Spaniards who imitate it and, when I reproached them for this barbaric custom, they answered that it was no longer in their power to give up this indulgence. The Spaniards, who were at first amazed by this strange practice, found such pleasure in it when they tried it for themselves that they imitated it."

In 1600, a French writer in Canada noted: "This tobacco smoke, which they suck in through their mouths as a baby sucks, is expelled through the nose, and in passing through the air passages it warms the brain and dispels fluids. This does not stupefy or intoxicate, but relaxes the stomach, cools amorous passion and makes drowsy, and the leaves of this herb, or the ashes left in the pipe, heal wounds. I repeat that this nectar seems to them so sweet that the children often inhale the smoke which their fathers have expelled through their nostrils, so that nothing shall be wasted."

These are authentic written testimonies concerning the first meeting of Europeans with an enjoyment which, in 350 years, conquered the world — silently, irresistibly, with prodigious rapidity and without any persuasion of the kind that we call advertising or publicity. Independently of climate, which affects the use of tea and coffee, independently of the varying reactions of different races, which influence indulgence in opium or hashish, this alien tobacco from a previously unknown land was everywhere received with delight and quickly became an object of greedy craving.

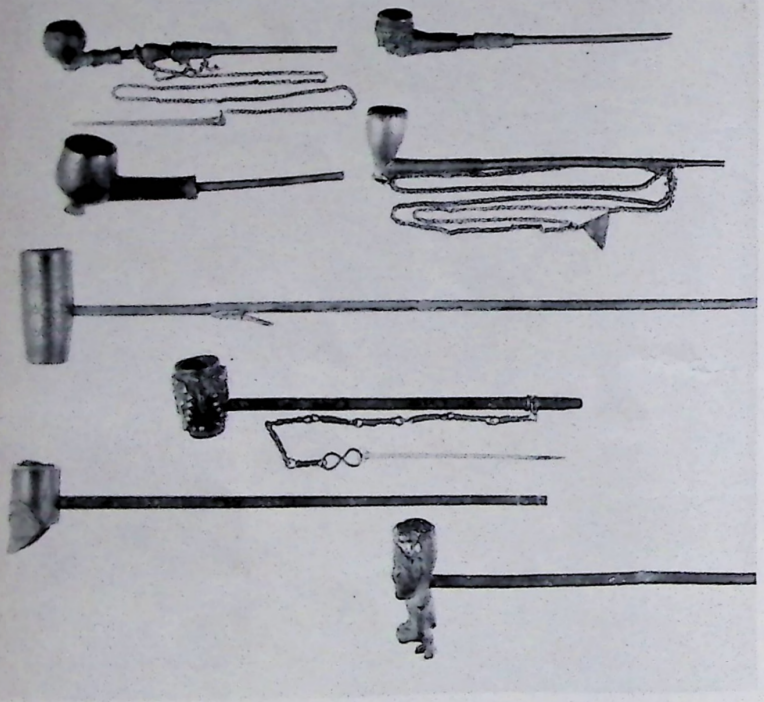
In the regions where the tobacco plant originally grew wild and where it was also cultivated, it was not used for smoking. Here it was exclusively a medicinal plant. Although tobacco was smoked in Yucatan, Panama and Brazil, it was unknown on the River Plate, in Parana, in Paraguay, and on the western seaboard of Quito, Peru and Chile.

The Aztecs and Toltecs venerated tobacco. To them it was the herb of the goddess Cihuacoatl, and they smoked *yetl*, as they called tobacco, out of gilded cane holders or earthenware pipes. They imagined their rain god as smoking, because of the clouds.

Thus tobacco began as a ritual substance. In this it resembled most other narcotics, almost all of which were originally employed

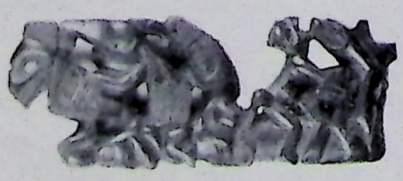
American Indian bird and fish pipe, Hopewell Mounds, Ohio

Modern Chinese water-pipe



Four Philippine wooden pipes (top) from Luzon; pipes of the Paiwan tribe, Jamari, Formosa

Northwest Indian Totemic pipes of wood



by peoples firmly attached to their religions as means of establishing contact with the heavenly powers. This imposed moderation on indulgence in the drug, distribution of which was in the hands of priests, chiefs and medicine men, who carefully supervised its use.

Even in places where agriculture was otherwise the province of the women, tobacco was grown by the men. Among the Crow Indians, tobacco cultivation was the prerogative of a religious brotherhood. They fixed rules for the filling, lighting and smoking of tobacco in the pipe. The smoke itself was considered an offering to the god; in addition, tobacco leaves were thrown into the air or buried in the earth.

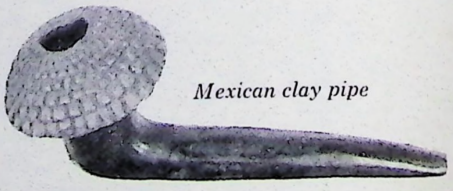
Budding medicine men of Indian tribes in Ecuador had to swallow or sniff up large quantities of tobacco water, until they were stupefied. This process of intoxication, which was supposed to endow them with supernatural powers, was repeated as many as six or eight times in two days. Tobacco was a sacred herb, never to be profaned.

The conquest of the world by tobacco was dramatic. At first smoking, in its various forms, was confined to soldiers and sailors. They had seen the Indians' *zicar* (a Maya word)—a cigar that was frequently so big that it had to be supported on a wooden fork. But cigars were smoked only in the West Indies and the Amazon basin, while in North America and the southern part of South America pipes were used. Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced smoking into England during the reign of Elizabeth I, smoked the kind of pipe he had seen used in Virginia.

At the end of the sixteenth century, the Spaniards brought smoking to the Philippines, and from there it traveled to Indo-China, China and Japan. The circle of tobacco round the world closed via a gigantic detour: from Japan, tobacco smoking reached Siberia and crossed the Bering Straits to Alaska and the Eskimos. After its amazing journey round the world, tobacco thus came back to America. Smoking did not become indigenous to the Near and Middle East until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it swept across Turkey, Egypt and Persia.

Smoking itself was nothing new. We have already heard Herodotus' report that the Scythians swallowed the smoke of hemp seeds, were hashish smokers. Pomponius Mela knew that the Thracians roasted certain fruits and drugged themselves with their smoke. Pliny recommends the smoking of coltsfoot as a cough cure. Finds of prehistoric objects resembling pipes, the significance of which is not yet clear, suggest that smoking may have been practiced even before historical times.

The craving for tobacco repeatedly asserted itself in the face of all the laws and penalties, even the most Draconian, imposed by church and state to suppress or reduce the supposedly barbaric custom of smoking. Only the tax, which is also a type of penalty, has remained until today. It is curious to recall that in Luneburg, in 1691, "the dissolute practice of tobacco drinking" was punishable by death. It is not known whether any tobacco smoker was executed. ♦



Mexican clay pipe

PLATO

Plato was one of the most dramatic and penetrating thinkers of world history. He wrote such masterpieces as The Republic, The Phaedo, The Crito *and* The Apology. *Plato believed in an ideal state in which philosophers would be kings. All his life he was influenced by the ideas of Socrates whose obedience to the laws of Athens is vividly described in* The Crito.

THE CRITO

Persons of the Dialogue: Socrates, Crito
Scene: The Prison of Socrates

Socrates: Why have you come at this hour, Crito? it must be quite early?

Crito: The dawn is breaking.

Socrates: I wonder that the prison keeper let you in.

Crito: He knows me, because I often come, Socrates; moreover, I have done him a kindness.

Socrates: And are you only just arrived?

Crito: No, I came some time ago.

Socrates: Then why did you sit and say nothing, instead of at once awakening me?

Crito: I should not have liked myself, Socrates, to be in such great trouble and unrest as you are — indeed I should not: I have been watching with amazement your peaceful slumbers; and for that reason I did not awake you, because I wished to minimize the pain.

Socrates: Why, Crito, when a man has reached my age he ought not to be repining at the approach of death . . .

Crito: Oh! my beloved Socrates, let me entreat you once more to take my advice and escape. For if you die I shall not only lose a friend who can never be replaced, but there is another evil: people who do not know you and me will believe that I might have saved you if I had been willing to give money, but that I did not care. Now, can there be a worse disgrace than this — that I should be thought to value money more than the life of friend? For the many will not be persuaded that I wanted you to escape, and that you refused.

Socrates: But why, my dear Crito, should we care about the opinion of the many? Good men, and they are the only persons who are worth considering, will think of these things truly as they occurred.

Crito: But you see, Socrates, that the opinion of the many must be regarded, for what is now happening shows that they can do the greatest evil to anyone who has lost their good opinion.

Socrates: I only wish it were so, Crito; and that the many could do the greatest evil; for then they would also be able to do the greatest good — and what a fine thing this would be! But in reality they can do neither; for they cannot make a man either wise or foolish; and whatever they do is the result of chance. . . .

"[I hear inward voices saying to me] Listen, then, Socrates, to us who have brought you up. Think not of life and children first, and of justice afterwards, but of justice first, that you may be justified before the princes of the world below. For neither will you nor any that belong to you be happier in another, if you do as Crito bids. Now you depart in innocence, a sufferer and not a doer of evil; a victim, not of the laws but of men. But if you go forth, returning evil for evil, and injury for injury, breaking the covenants and agreements which you have made with us, and wronging those whom you ought least of all to wrong, that is to say, yourself, your friends, your country, and us, we shall be angry with you while you live, and our brethren, the laws in the world below, will receive you as an enemy; for they will know that you have done your best to destroy us. Listen, then, to us and not to Crito."

This, dear Crito, is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears, like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic; that voice, I say, is humming in my ears, and prevents me from hearing any other. And I know that anything more which you may say will be vain. Yet speak, if you have anything to say.

Crito: I have nothing to say, Socrates.

Socrates: Leave me then, Crito, to fulfill the will of God, and to follow whither he leads. ◆

The Art of Virtue

by Benjamin Franklin

It was about this time (1731, at the age of 25) I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time. I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom or company might lead me into. As I knew or thought I knew what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other.

But I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my care was employed in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another. Habit took the advantage of inattention. Inclination was sometimes too strong for reason.

I concluded at length that the mere speculative conviction that it was to our interest to be completely virtuous was not sufficient to prevent our slipping. And that the contrary habits must be broken and good ones acquired and established before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct. For this purpose I therefore contrived the following method.

In the various enumerations of the moral virtues I had met with in my reading I found the catalogue more or less numerous, as different writers included more or fewer ideas under the same name. Temperance, for example, was by some confined to eating and drinking, while by others it was extended to mean the moderating every other pleasure, appetite, inclination or passion, bodily or mental, even to our avarice and ambition.

I proposed to myself for the sake of clearness to use rather more names, with fewer ideas annexed to each, than a few names with more ideas. And I included under thirteen names of virtues, all that at that time occurred to me as necessary or desirable and annexed to each a short precept, which fully expressed the extent I gave to its meaning.

These names of virtues, with their precepts were:

1—Temperance
Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

2—Silence
Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3—Order
Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4—Resolution
Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5—Frugality
Make no expense but to do *good* to others or yourself; i.e., waste nothing.

6—Industry
Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7—Sincerity
Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8—Justice
Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9—Moderation
Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10—Cleanliness
Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, clothes or habitation.

11—Tranquility
Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12—Chastity
Rarely use venery but for health or offspring, never to dullness, weakness or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation.

13—Humility
Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

My intention being to acquire the habitude of all these virtues, I judged it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one of them at a time. When I should be master of that, I would proceed to another and so on, till I should have gone through the 13. As the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arranged them with that view, as they stand above.

Temperance first, as it tends to procure the coolness and clearness of head, which is so necessary where constant vigilance was to be kept up and guard maintained against the unremitting attraction of ancient habits and the force of perpetual temptations. This being acquired and established, Silence would be more easy. My desire being to gain knowledge at the same time that I improved in virtue and, considering that in conversation it was obtained rather by the use of the ears than of the tongue and wishing to break a habit I was getting into of prattling, punning and joking, which only made me acceptable to trifling company, I gave Silence the second place.

This and the next, Order, I expected would allow me more time for attending to my project and my studies. Resolution, once become habitual, would keep me firm in my endeavors to obtain all

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN *by David Martin*

the subsequent virtues. Frugality and Industry freeing me from my remaining debt and producing affluence and independence, would make more easy the practice of Sincerity and Justice, etc., etc. Conceiving then, that, agreeably to the advice of Pythagoras in his Golden Verses, daily examination would be necessary, I contrived the following method for conducting that examination.

I made a little book in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I ruled each page with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I crossed these columns with 13 red lines, marking the beginning of each line with the first letter of one of the virtues, on which line and in its proper column, I might mark by a little black spot every fault I found upon examination to have been committed, respecting that virtue upon that day.

I determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively. Thus, in the first week, my great guard was to avoid even the least offense against Temperance, leaving the other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day. Thus, if in the first week I could keep my first line, marked T, clear of spots, I supposed the habit of that virtue so much strengthened and its opposite weakened, that I might venture extending my attention to include the next and for the following week keep both lines clear of spots.

Proceeding thus to the last, I could go through a course complete in 13 weeks and four courses in a year. And like him who, having a garden to weed, does not attempt to eradicate all the bad herbs at once, which would exceed his reach and his strength, but works on one of the beds at a time and, having accomplished the first, proceeds to a second. So I should have, I hoped, the encouraging pleasure of seeing on my pages the progress I made in virtue, by clearing successively my lines of their spots, till in the end, by a number of courses, I should be happy in viewing a clean book, after 13 weeks' daily examination.

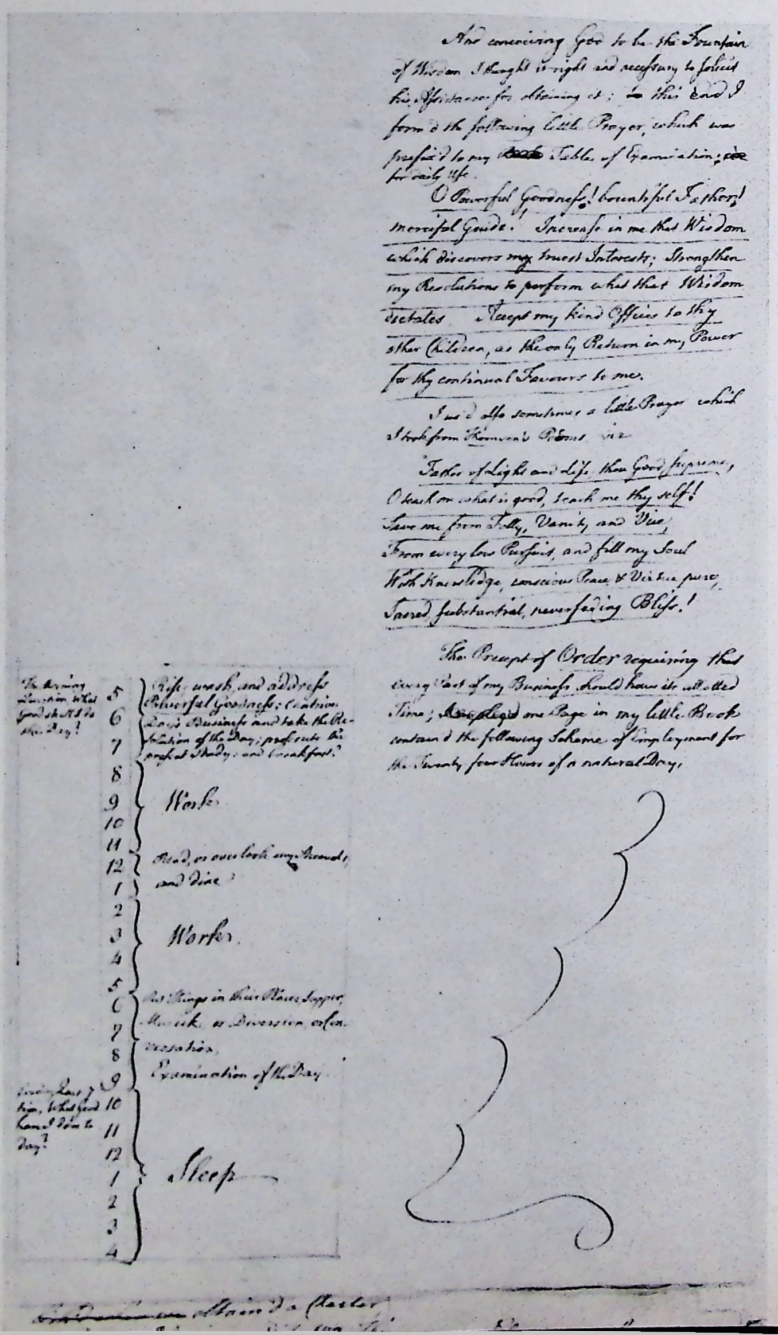
I entered upon the execution of this plan for self-examination and continued it with occasional intermissions for some time. I was surprised to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagined. But I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish.

To avoid the trouble of renewing now and then my little book, which by scraping out the marks on the paper of old faults to make room for new ones in a new course, became full of holes, I transferred my tables and precepts to the ivory leaves of a memorandum book, on which the lines were drawn with red ink, that made a durable stain. On those lines I marked my faults with a black lead pencil, which marks I could easily wipe out with a wet sponge.

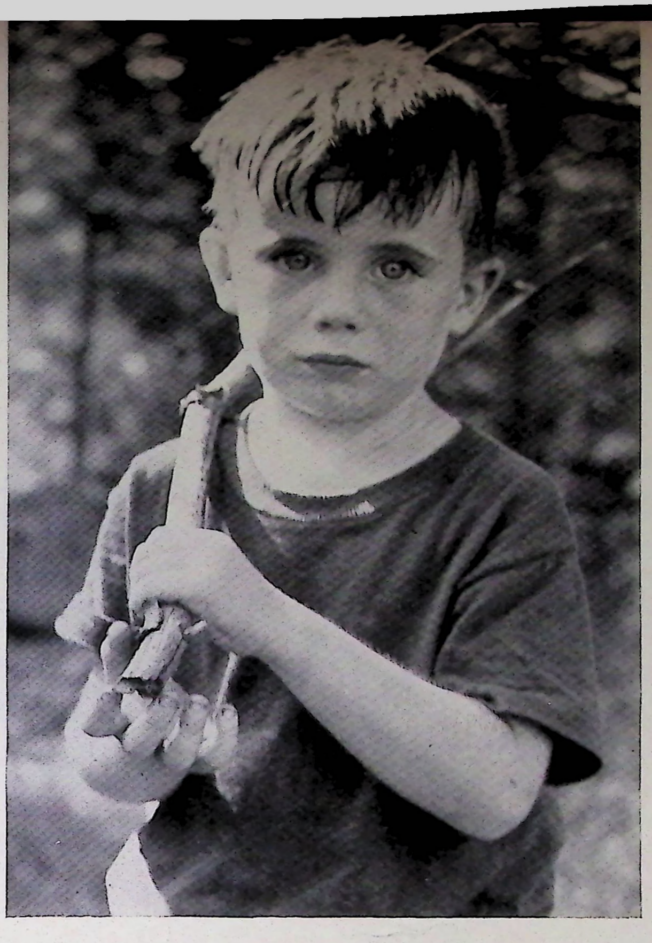
After a while I went through one course only in a year and afterwards only one in several years, till at length I omitted them entirely, being employed in voyages and business abroad, with a multiplicity of affairs that interfered. But I always carried my little book with me.

My scheme of Order gave me the most trouble. I found that,

(continued on page 78)



Franklin wrote that many people lead bad lives who would gladly lead good ones but know not how to make the change. He felt that virtue alone is sufficient to make a man great, glorious and happy. To this end Franklin wrote an Autobiography giving the instruments and teaching the manner of using them to acquire the "Art of Virtue." He also wrote and printed several light essays in this vein for his intimate friends. Of these bagatelles "The Whistler" and "The Handsome and Deformed Legs" are the most well-known. In the lower left-hand corner of a page from Franklin's Autobiography shown at left, is his "schedule of employment for the 24 hours of a natural day."



Childhood

by John Earle *(written in 1628)*

A child is a Man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple. He is happy whose small practice in the world can only write this Character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred notebook.

He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater.

Nature and his parents alike dandle him and entice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young apprentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. His hardest labor is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle.

We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest and his drums, rattles and hobby-horses are but the emblems and mocking of men's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived. ♦

Switzerland...

the world's Garden of Eden

by R. Grandvoinet

With such diversity in the Swiss scene—four national languages, 22 Catholic and Protestant member states—it is astonishing that there should be a Swiss way of life. And yet there is one, which might perhaps be better defined as an outlook, an attitude to the outside world which has been shaped, not by history, but by economic and political necessity.

Switzerland is a very small country indeed. Nature here has been lavish only in the bestowal of beauty. Everything the Swiss possess, they have had to work hard to obtain. The prosperity they enjoy is due to the foresight, orderly planning, business and political acumen of the Federal and Cantonal governments and of executives engaged in private enterprise. Also to the discipline and thrift of the nation.

The struggle to win and maintain political and economic independence has undoubtedly colored the national character. The Swiss are cautious, extremely prudent in the acceptance of new theories, new methods, ideas or commodities. Their ancestors could not afford to buy a pig in a poke and, at many turning points in Swiss history, a slight error of judgement may have spelled disaster.

The Germanic strain has influenced even the Latin element of the population, so that there is everywhere a love of orderliness and cleanliness, a keen appreciation of thoroughness. What the Swiss do, they do well. They may take a long time to decide on a course of action or an undertaking of any kind, but once the decision has been made, no detail is overlooked. Their new hospitals, such as the Burgerspital in Basle, or the Surgical Department of the Lausanne Cantonal Hospital, took a long time to build, but they are models of their kind. This trait is expressed even in the field of sport. Skiing, for example, was introduced from Scandinavia

CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION

HARBOR OF GENEVA

Cheese heads are ink-stamped to guarantee genuine Swiss cheese.

some 45 years ago and did not become really popular until a year or two before World War II. Now it is the national sport, and all enthusiasts are equipped with the finest possible kit, from boots to caps, all craft-made in Switzerland.

Closely linked to this characteristic is an appreciation of quality. There is no market in Switzerland for cheap and slovenly merchandise. Poor workmanship is considered a disgrace. In a typical Swiss home, even the most modest, you will find well-made—though not necessarily beautiful!—furniture. There is, everywhere, an intense love of fine craftsmanship and good quality.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this national trait has won for the Swiss a world-wide reputation for the production of good quality goods. It is richly illustrated in their daily lives. Their stores, tearooms, restaurants, for example, are luxuriously appointed and furnished with handsome, craft-made equipment.

Thoroughness and love of quality have also directed the strict control of trades and skills. One cannot, in Switzerland, set up a shop or open up a business at random. To be a hairdresser, an electrician, a plumber, a garageman, a stenographer, or what have you, one must produce a diploma of apprenticeship or a certificate of mastership. For this reason, craft work is of the highest order. Fine millinery, clothes, footwear, jewelry, lingerie, furniture, are made and sold by professionally competent tradespeople. Mass-produced articles are of course available in the large stores, but if they are of poor quality or bad workmanship, not many Swiss will buy them.

The necessity for prudence has made the Swiss adopt a fairly materialistic, or rather concrete outlook. Your typical Swiss does not daydream, or wander through life with his head in the clouds. He is put to work early and made to understand that "Life is earnest." School-leaving age is 15 or 16 and, after a three or four-year term of apprenticeship, the young boy or girl goes into father's business (if there is one) or seeks to perfect his knowledge in his chosen trade. Safe government jobs are in great demand, for they mean security, a cozy home and a pension. It is estimated that there is one civil servant (including officials of the State railroads, police, etc.) for every five inhabitants.

Training for the professions is equally thorough and Swiss universities have set a remarkably high standard of learning in all faculties.

Despite their racial and linguistic differences, the people of Switzerland are deeply united in their love of their soil. The Alps and their brown-roofed chalets, the quiet lakes and forest, have cast a spell upon them and, out of a strange medley of races, created one nation.

The diversity of Switzerland is very much a question of atmosphere. In the German-speaking Cantons, in the large cities of Zurich, Berne and Basle, one senses an earnest purposefulness, a certain, rather unsmiling sternness. Life and the sustenance of life by hard work, the acquiring of security by money in the bank are very real here. Swiss-German businessmen are efficient; they divide their time neatly and tidily into working days (and the office) and rest days (and the family).

There are many kinds of homes in Switzerland, rich and poor, plain and beautiful, farmsteads, apartments, houses in garden suburbs, but in the great majority of them there is an excellent housewife.

The art of homemaking is the supreme seal of womanhood in

THE "ROLLELIBUTZEN," A PRE-LENTEN FOLK CUSTOM

The chores of milking and butter churning are duties of the young members of the family.

In spring each village holds a festival, "Alpaufzug," meaning "move to the meadow." Villagers dress in costume and place a wreath of flowers and cowbells on the "queen" cow to bid the herdsmen and animals goodbye for the summer.

Switzerland. Beautiful household linen, a fine kitchen, spotless cleanliness and sleek tidiness are the Swiss woman's pride. Shining rows of bottled fruit, homemade jams testify to her skill.

The domestic staff of a Swiss household very often consists of a young maid-of-all-work. In the higher income bracket, one may find a cook and one or two housemaids. The middle-class housewife prefers to supervise personally everything that goes on in her home.

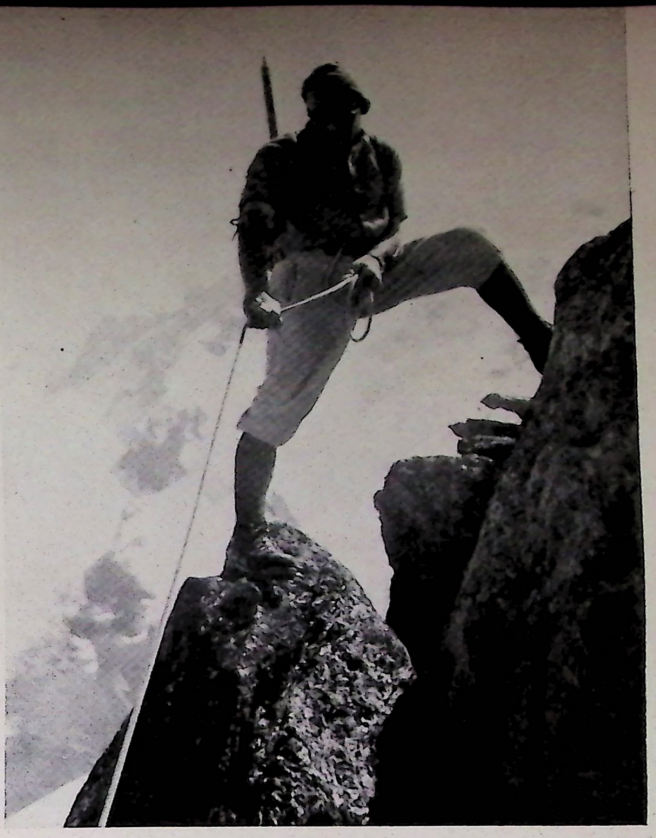
Swiss women have no vote and, indeed, very few are interested in politics, which they consider to be essentially a masculine headache. Professional women are in a minority. Women doctors, dentists and lawyers are excellent, but they have a hard time before they are taken seriously. Society tends to feel that they are merely filling in time until marriage. Most young wives in the lower-income bracket add to the family revenue by continuing their work in shops and offices, at least until children come. Nevertheless, your true career woman is unknown in Switzerland and indeed she would be given very little chance in big business, committee work or administration, for executive posts are reserved exclusively for the men.

American visitors to Switzerland may be struck by an apparent lack of open-handed and homely hospitality. Homes are not opened unconditionally to any person outside the family and potluck invitations are infrequent. This is due to the fact that here, as in many parts of the Continent, life is lived to a great extent in public. The Swiss seem to experience a certain reserve or shyness towards strangers, due perhaps to the great emphasis laid on the family as a unit. Distant family connections are maintained to the nth degree, while relations with the outside world remain on a conventional footing.

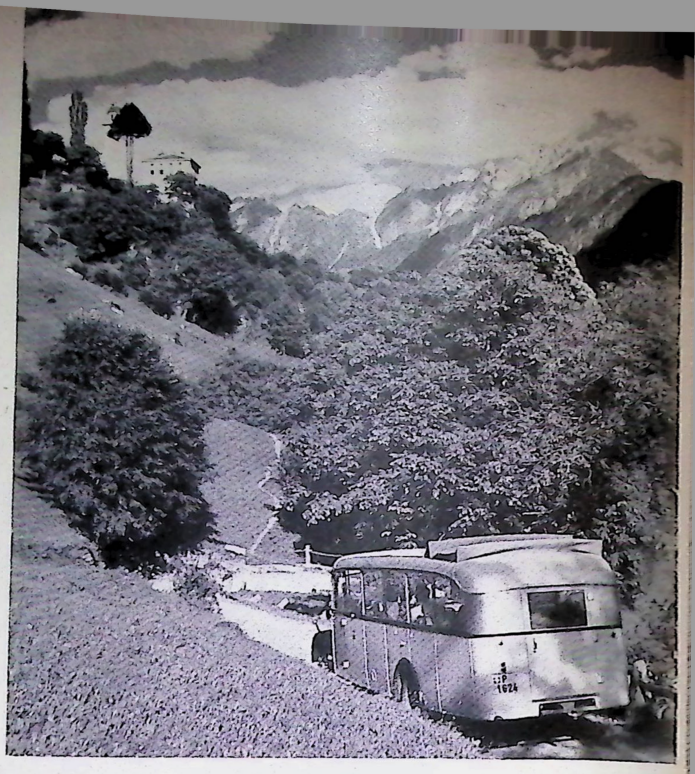
Café and restaurant life is very active and it is here that friends are entertained and business deals concluded.

Despite their rather shy reticence and marked dislike of expressing deep emotion – a Swiss audience always seems cold and sparing of rapturous applause – the Swiss are a most kindly people, secretly warmhearted. The nation as a whole feels a deep sense of gratitude for the peace it has enjoyed for over 100 years and this thankfulness is shown by a great generosity towards the war-

Mountaineers guide people who want to climb the rocky peaks. Ski runs, toboggan slides and skating rinks provide sport for the hardy. The Swiss also maintain sanitariums where the sick can have the benefit of the mountain air and sunshine, or rest from city-life.

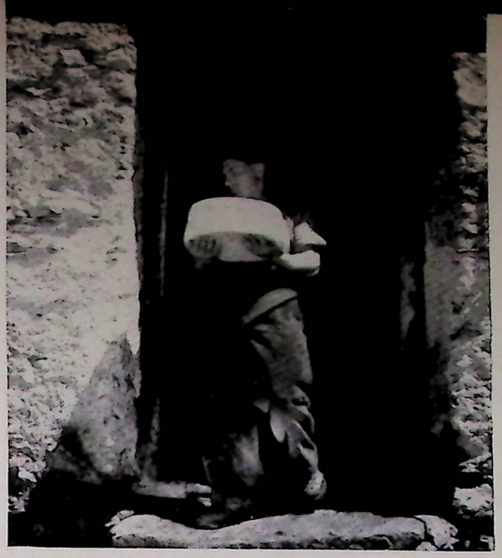


CYCLING THROUGH THE CAPITAL OF BERNE



Fine roads, modern transportation, and hotels located for their beautiful views express the way the Swiss attract and cater to their tourists.

Chalets are built close together in little villages to conserve space. Steep roofs shed summer rain and winter snow. Farmers plant crops in fields no bigger than a small room.



Herdsmen pasture their sheep and goats while they make cheese. At the end of summer each family keeps enough for winter use and sells the rest. It is the biggest item on their menu for they cannot afford to slaughter dairy animals for meat. Below, primitive harvest methods are used because of the steep ground.

stricken populations of Europe. The children especially have been the object of their attention: thousands of children, irrespective of nationality, have been brought into Switzerland in the past years. Placed in charge of fosterparents for periods of three months, these poor little waifs blossom into health and happiness. The love and care lavished on them, the parcels of warm clothing and toys they carry away with them at the end of their stay, testify to the sincerity of the welcome extended to them.

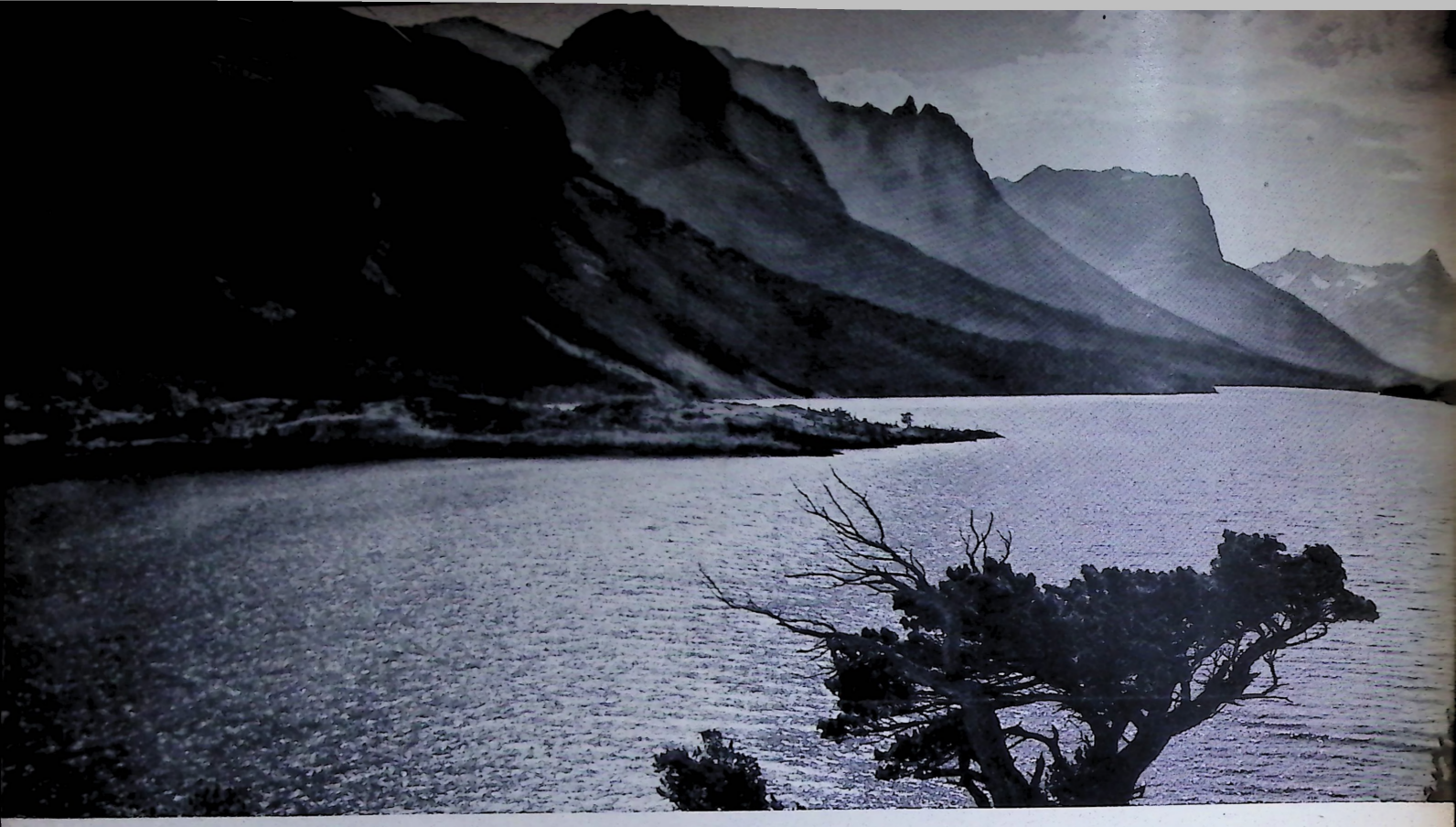
The Swiss are essentially neutral in their outlook. Individually, of course, natural likes or dislikes may be expressed, but there is no fundamental suspicion of any other nation or race. Here the rights both of the individual and of minority communities are so firmly established in the public mind, that there is no need even to discuss the principle and it is assumed that, in other lands, true democracy should also prevail. If it does not, that is nothing to do with the Swiss.

In the last 20 years, the Swiss have become very sports-minded.

Sport No. 1 is skiing and on winter Saturday afternoons a forest of skis waves through all the main stations of the country, en route for the snow fields. In the summer, water sports predominate. Sunbathing at the innumerable lake and river beaches is practised with extraordinary enthusiasm. In the cities, a pale face attracts attention. Physical fitness and a look of health have become almost a fetish with the younger set, and girls and women sport off-the-shoulder fashions which stress cherished tans.

Of course, the Swiss are exceptionally lucky in that no single area of their country, not even the cities of Zurich, Basle, Bienne and other industrial centers, lies more than half-an-hour from mountains, countryside, lake or river. There are poor people in Switzerland, but no slums – at least, not in the same sense that a Londoner or a New Yorker understands the term. Everywhere, within easy reach, lie fields and forests. In the cities, the air is never polluted with smoke, smog or fog – hence the superb cleanliness of the townships in which the municipal authorities take so much pride. ◆

Watch-making in Switzerland was begun as homework by mountain farmers during the long winter. Their skill brought world praise for its quality. Women excel in making fine embroidery and lace.



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When is a man educated?

by L. Dale Coffman

I believe that education is a continuing process which can never be completed as long as a man lives. Mr. Justice Holmes on his 90th birthday said: "To live is to function." Man cannot function without learning. As long as a man continues to learn, his education is incomplete.

Mark Hopkins summed up his concept of education in these words: "Education in its widest sense includes everything that exerts a formative influence, and causes a young person to be, at a given point, what he is." This is not, of course, limited to young people. Our education is what causes us to be, at any given point in our lives, what we are.

Mr. Madison Sarratt, the Vice Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, used to spend some of his vacations in the magnificent Smoky Mountains of eastern Tennessee. There lived a lady whose formal education had stopped at the third grade. She became a widow when her two children were less than five years of age. By hard work she had kept her little family together, had acquired some financial competence and both children had attended Vanderbilt University where they were honor students.

Mr. Sarratt called upon her one day to congratulate her on the fine records made by her two children, and asked politely how she had been able to do so much with her life and the lives of her children when she had gone no further than the third grade in her formal education. After thinking a moment, the lady replied, "Yes, it is true that I was forced to quit school at third grade, so I figured I would just have to use my head." She could properly be described as an educated lady.

Education, therefore, in its broadest connotations is not limited to formal education in a school or university. Some of the most

truly educated people I have known have never had the advantages of much formal education. Who will deny that the exhilarating and divine prose of the Gettysburg Address came from the pen of a truly educated man? Yet Abraham Lincoln had a total of approximately two years of formal education. Dean Roscoe Pound, who some may call America's greatest living scholar, entered the University of Nebraska at the age of 14 without a single day of formal education. Before he was five years of age, he was reading the Bible with his father in Greek and with his mother in Latin.

Our institutions of learning established to provide formal education can, therefore, only help in this process of learning. They can never do the whole job. They can only give a start to the process. The home, the church and society itself all play a part in the education of any individual, whether or not that part played is fully realized and the obligations thereof assumed. I suspect there are at least as many delinquent parents as there are juvenile delinquents. Children of high ideals and good character are usually following examples found at home.

Therefore I believe that we must always differentiate between education in its broadest sense, and formal education in an established institution of learning. This in truth is education in its narrower sense. My contact with this narrower meaning of education deals with an even smaller segment of the whole. In Law School we are attempting to prepare men for admission to an ancient and honorable and learned profession. All of our students have at least one college degree. They are mature individuals. They have demonstrated at least some capacity for formal education. The number of our students is relatively small and the pace is swift.

We adults, simply because we are adults and simply because we have had advantages of certain formal education, are not always wise. Parenthetically, I may remark here that wisdom and education are not synonymous. One of the first objectives of all formal education, and particularly elementary and preparatory education, I submit, is the development of the inquisitive and acquisitive mind that has a desire to learn. A prime objective should be the creation of this desire to learn and learning how to learn.

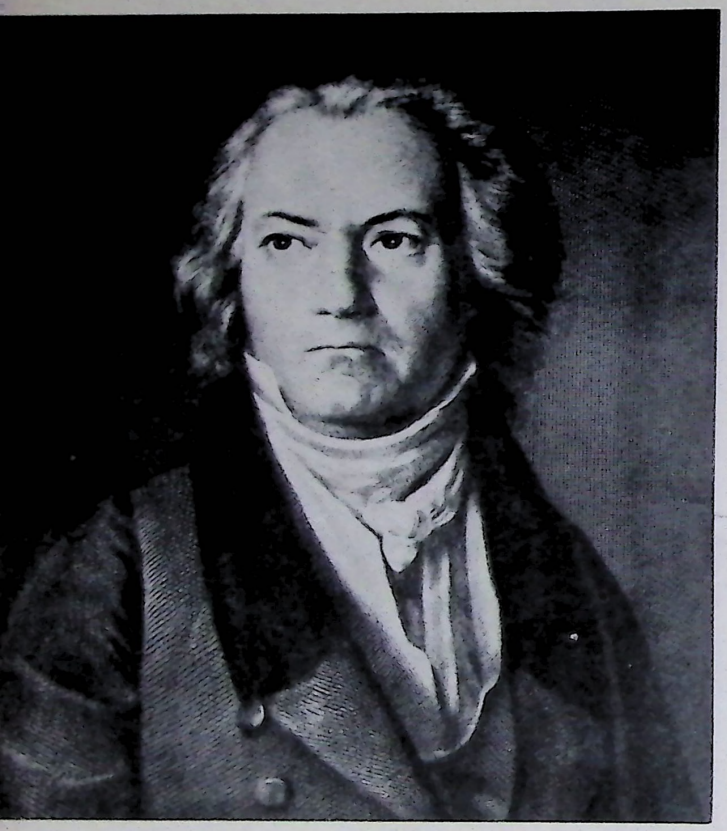
Thinking is hard work but it is the most interesting and truly stimulating process any human being can experience. I distrust catch-phrases and labels when they are used as a substitute for thinking and become only emotional outlets. We adults have been subject to a barrage during much of our lives of slogans, catch-phrases and misused words designed to confuse rather than convey thought.

I have often wondered about the slogan, "The Age of the Common Man." I have met few men and no ladies who would appreciate being called common. When we hire a physician or a lawyer or an electrician or a plumber, we are looking for uncommon physicians, lawyers, electricians or plumbers. In another sense, if a man is a good physician, lawyer, electrician or plumber, he has by acquiring that competence become uncommon. America was built by uncommon men.

Let us always give the uncommon child the chance to develop and grow as fast and as far as his uncommon abilities can take him. Let us forever guard jealously that truly American form of security — the security of opportunity for the uncommon man.

I am old-fashioned enough to believe that even a high school graduate should know how to read and write. He should know

(continued on page 78)



BEETHOVEN the colossus

by Marion Bauer and Ethel Peyser

Ludwig van Beethoven was the bridge between the classic writers and those to follow him: Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, members of the "Romantic School."

Although born in Bonn, Germany, his ancestors on his father's side were of Dutch-Flemish stock. The syllable before his last name is "van." If his name had been German, it would have been "von." He was proud of his Dutch origin and corrected anyone who misspelled it. This frankness was a part of his character.

He was born December 16, 1770 and his mother was the chief cook in the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein. His father, a tenor, and his grandfather were musicians in the band of the Elector of Cologne at Bonn. His mother was sweet and loving but his father was unkind and intemperate. According to some accounts, his boyhood was spent in poverty and his father tried to drive him to earn money for the family. It was very hard on Beethoven that his mother should have died early in his life.

At four years of age Ludwig's father insisted upon his learning to play the piano and, as he did not want to practice, he was whipped often. Later he started to work in earnest and in spite of hating it, played in public when he was eight and at 11 he had mastered Bach's 48 Preludes and Fugues, a difficult task even for a grownup. Besides, he had written three piano sonatas published in 1781. He wasted little time after his first whippings!

When 13, he went on the opera staff where he played accompaniments for rehearsals without pay.

One of his first teachers was Pfeiffer, who belonged to the opera troupe and boarded with the Beethovens. Beethoven now was growing most enthusiastic about music and took up the study of the organ. Not only this, but he wrote a funeral cantata for the organ which excited the whole town.

He played the piano very beautifully as did Mozart and when he went to Holland with his mother, at 11, he played at many private houses and gained confidence in himself.

When Beethoven was 12, Neefe, his teacher and organist at Bonn, left town and Beethoven took his place. This proves his great ability because playing for services was complicated. He was so successful that Neefe prophesied he would become a second Mozart!

In 1787, Beethoven, despite his poverty, went to Vienna, where Mozart said that he would "make a noise in the world," and gave the young pianist a few lessons. Not long afterwards, Beethoven was recalled to Bonn where his life was much saddened by the deaths of his mother and his little sister.

At this time he made the acquaintance of the von Breuning family – mother, three boys and a girl – whose friendship was one of the inspiring events of his boyhood. He gave lessons to Eleanore and to a brother and was a close friend to them all. Here he was introduced to the marvels of literature which proved to be a lifelong love and a solace for the sad hours after he became deaf. He also accompanied the von Breunings on holidays in the country and through them met Count Waldstein, a young noble and amateur musician, who was most enthusiastic over Beethoven's budding talent. Through Count Waldstein he was brought to the attention of the Elector of Bonn, who gave the young musician a place as viola player in the orchestra of his national theater.

Now his home became most unhappy because of his father's drunkenness and bad habits. The Court, however, in 1799, looked after Beethoven and saw that part of his father's salary was paid to him to help him care for the family. In addition to this the money he earned by playing and by giving lessons enabled him to support his brothers and sister.

When Papa Haydn passed through Bonn on his way to London, Beethoven went to visit him and brought with him, instead of candy or flowers, a cantata which he had written for the occasion. Haydn was delighted with him and offered to teach him if he would go to Vienna. So, in 1792, on the advice of Count Waldstein, we see him again in Vienna, studying counterpoint with Haydn. At first he frankly imitated his master, and although he leaned more toward Mozart's colorfulness of style than Haydn's, from the older composer he learned how to treat and develop themes, and how to write for the orchestra.

When Haydn left Vienna for his second visit to England, Beethoven studied with Albrechtsberger, also with Schenck, Salieri and Forster. Although he was an amazing student his teachers were afraid of and for him, for his ideas were ahead of his day. They failed to see in him the great pathfinder, and naturally thought he was a dangerous radical.

The story of Beethoven's life is a story of a few faithful friendships. He was not befriended for his personal beauty but for his inner beauty. His head was too big for his body, he did not care what sort of clothes he wore, nor did he have any regard for conventions, fashions or great personages. He was a real democrat and cared nothing for titles and the things smaller men respect. Once Beethoven's brother called on him and left his card upon which was written, next to his name, "Man of Property." Beethoven in return sent his card on which he wrote, "Man of Brains."

Thinking that Napoleon was going to free mankind, he dedicated the *Eroica*, the third symphony, to him. But when he heard that Napoleon had set himself up as Emperor, in a violent rage, he trampled on the dedication page.

At 27 Beethoven began to grow deaf. It made him very morose and unhappy. In 1880 he wrote to his friend Wegeler, the husband of Eleanore von Breuning, "My hearing during the last three years has become gradually worse. I can say with truth that my life is very wretched. For nearly two years past I have avoided all society because I find it impossible to say to people 'I am deaf.' In any other profession this might be tolerable but in mine, such a condition is truly frightful."

Beethoven was forceful and noble in spirit, quick tempered, absent-minded, gruff and cared little for manners and customs except to be honest and good. But although he was absent-minded he never neglected his work or his obligations to any man, and his compositions show the greatest care and thought. He worked a piece over and over before it was finished and not, like Mozart, did it bubble from him whole and perfect.

He was too high-strung and impatient to teach much and Ferdinand Ries, the son of Franz, and Czerny seem to be his only well-known pupils. But he taught many amateurs among the nobility, which probably accounts for many of his romances. In later years, he withdrew unto himself and became irritable and suspicious of everybody, both because of his deafness and the misery his family caused him. This great man, tortured with suspicions and doubt, and storming often against his handicap, was innately honest and desperately sincere in spite of his fear of poverty which made him drive hard bargains on occasions. In fact he was very moral by nature and he lived and composed

Beethoven encouraged his outstanding pupil Carl Czerny to make a piano version of Fidelio. Czerny won great fame as a teacher in Vienna and among his pupils was nine-year-old Franz Liszt. He wrote about 1000 pieces, making many arrangements of orchestral works and piano studies still in wide use.

Through the attachment that dawned between Giullietta Guicciardi and Beethoven, he wrote the Moonlight Sonata. Though they tried to conceal their affection, Beethoven had no doubt that she returned his love.

according to the dictates of his soul, rarely ever writing to order or to win favor.

He made valuable friends among music lovers and patrons such as Prince and Princess Lichnowsky, Prince Lobkowitz, Count Rasoumowsky, Empress Maria Theresa and others, to whom he dedicated many of his great works. This he did only as a mark of his friendship rather than for gain.

He was clumsy and awkward and had bad manners and a quick temper, and he had a heavy shock of black hair that was always in disorder, but the soul of the man shone out from his eyes and his smile lit up his face. Although he is said to have been unkempt, he was exceedingly clean, for when he was composing he would often interrupt his work to wash.

Beethoven had a high regard for women and loved Countess Guicciardi, who refused to marry him. He dedicated *The Moonlight Sonata* and some songs to her.

There was a warm, sweet streak in his nature for his friends loved him dearly, and he was very good to his nephew Carl, who lied and deceived him. Carl added to Beethoven's unhappiness for when he was lonely and in need of him, Carl never would come to him unless for money.

We see his great heart broken by his nephew, we see his sad letters begging him to come and take pity on his loneliness, we see him struggle to make money for him; and all Carl did was to accept all and give nothing. Finally this ungrateful boy was expelled from college because he failed in his examinations. This was such a disgrace that he attempted to commit suicide. As this was also looked upon as a crime he was given 24 hours to leave Vienna and so enlisted in the army. Nevertheless Beethoven made Carl his sole heir. This was one of many ways in which he showed himself a great person.

While at Vienna he met the great pianists and played far better than any of them. No one played with such expression, with such power or seemed worthy even to compete with him. Mozart and others had been charming players and composers, but Beethoven was powerful and deep, even most humorous when he wanted to be.

He worked well during these years, and with his usual extreme care changed and rechanged the themes he found in his little sketch books into which, from boyhood he had put down his musical ideas. Those marvelous sketch books! What an example they are! They show infinite patience and "an infinite capacity for taking pains" which has been given by George Eliot as a definition of genius.

At his first appearance as a pianist in Vienna he played his own C major Concerto in 1795. From 1795 to 1803 he wrote all the works from opus 1 to 50. In these were included symphonies 1 and 2, the first three piano concertos, and many sonatas for piano, trios and quartets, a septet and other less important works.

This is the first period of Beethoven's life. His second period in which his deafness grew worse and caused him real physical illness, extended to 1815 – in this trouble with his nephew and the deceit of his two brothers preyed on his mind to such an extent, that he became irascible and unapproachable. His lodgings were the scene of distressing upheavals and Beethoven was like a storm-beaten mountain!

For consolation, he turned to his music, and in the storm and stress he wrote the noble opera *Fidelio*, and the third symphony, *Eroica*, concertos, sonatas and many other things.

Someone once asked him, "Why don't you write opera?" He replied, "Give me a libretto noble enough for my music." Evidently this is the reason why he wrote only one opera. We find another example of his patience and self-criticism, as he wrote four overtures for *Fidelio*. Three of them are called *Leonore* overtures and one *Fidelio*. The third *Leonore* seems to be the favorite, and is often played.

By 1822, the beginning of the third period, the great music maker was stone deaf! Yet he wrote the magnificent Mass in D and his last symphony, the Ninth, with the "Hymn of Joy," two of the great masterpieces of the world, although he was unable to hear one note of what he had composed as he could not hear his beloved violin even when he held it close to his ears.

Beethoven was a great lover of nature. He used to stroll with his head down and his hands behind his back, clasping his note book in which he jotted down the new ideas as they came to him. He wrote to a friend, "I wander about here with music paper among the hills and dales and valleys and scribble a bit; no man on earth could love the country as I do."

Beethoven was distinctly a composer of instrumental music, although he wrote the opera *Fidelio*, also the Ninth Symphony in which he made great innovations in symphonic form and introduced the Choral.

Besides his symphonies, concertos and sonatas in which are light moods, dark moods, gay and sad moods, spiritual heights and depths, filling hearers with all beauty and emotion, — he wrote gay little witty things, like the German Dances, the Fury over the Loss of a Penny, four overtures, many English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh and Italian folk-song settings. He also wrote one oratorio called *The Mount of Olives*, two masses, one of which is the magnificent Missa *Solemnis*, one concerto for the violin that is the masterpiece of its kind, and the one grand opera *Fidelio*. ◆

At Heiligenstadt, where he attended the church pictured below, Beethoven conceived the Eroica in the last days of his hearing. It is an enigma of history that a man who became deaf should compose the greatest music for the hearing. At the performance of the Ninth Symphony, the storm of applause was overwhelming and the composer who was on the platform to give the time to the conductor had to be turned around to see how successful he was.

The Fear Within

by W. Beran Wolfe

Far from being a handicap, the inferiority feeling has proved itself the most cogent stimulus for the development of the human race. The telescope and the microscope would never have been invented if our human eyes were as powerful as the eagle's. The phonograph, the radio, the telephone, could never have existed without a need for better communication between human beings.

The very structure of our civilization, from newspapers to skyscrapers, from airplanes to symphony orchestras, from steam shovels to silk stockings, is the resultant of this primitive need for the compensation of human frailties.

The inferiority feeling to which every human being is heir because of his physical and biological constellation in the cosmos need not therefore be an individual liability. Man's history is replete with records of his conquest of inferiority. Genius is probably no more than the expression of the urge to compensate for an individual defect in terms of social contribution. Every work of genius bears this mark of social usefulness.

When we speak of genius we are inclined to forget those unsung men who invented the lever, the wheel, the ax, the musical reed, weaving, writing and the like, and remember solely our modern geniuses who have but combined these elements in some novel form.

Each human being is capable of elaborating his personal defects into a useful contribution to society, yet a superficial survey of our society indicates only a small proportion of the human race has gained the courage to effect such compensations. Our neurotics far outnumber our geniuses. How can we account for the failure of useful compensation?

Unfortunately for the human race, a variety of factors militate against the optimum compensation of the inferiority feeling in social adjustment and in useful work. The first of these factors that intensify the inferiority feeling until it crystallizes in an inferiority complex is the factor of physical defect.

Great riches, however, may also have a disastrous effect, because the proper stimulus to work is so frequently lacking where a child grows up in an atmosphere of affluence.

Another set of factors that may intensify the inferiority feeling of the child derive from his family constellation. This group is important because no child escapes its influence. The only child derives his inferiority complex from his abnormal importance in the family and his poor training for social adjustment.

The oldest child, having been an only child, and displaced by a younger rival, may be so discouraged by his fall from power that he can never muster sufficient courage to attack the problems of existence objectively.

The second child, although he grows up in the same house, imbibes the same milk, sleeps in the same room as the older child nevertheless has an entirely different environment.

He has always a pacemaker ahead of him and in his aggressive striving to overtake the older child may overshoot his mark and become an unobjective rebel.

While no position in the family is without its dangers, it is one of the most important teachings of Individual Psychology, the first science to point out the significance of the ordinal position of the child in the family constellation, that no position can *compel* a child to become neurotic.

Sex in itself may be a factor that complicates the burden of the child. We live in a civilization dominated by a masculine ideal, a civilization that exaggerates masculine values and activities, and still considers, despite good scientific evidence to the contrary, that woman is an inferior sex. The utter fallacy of the prejudice has been exploded by the microscope and the machine but it exists in widespread tradition nevertheless.

The prejudice in favor of the males is not without damage to them. Many a boy is terrified, either by minor physical defects or by other discouraging factors, until he doubts his ability to be "100-per-cent he-man" and spends the rest of his life avoiding the implications and responsibilities of his sex.

The increase in marital disharmony, divorce, homosexuality and sexual delinquency among children is an important aspect of our overemphasis on sexual differences, and the ever-increasing struggle for prestige that marks the contemporary life of the sexes.

A child's mother is the first person with whom the child makes a social contact. Mother's love is the first social approval. As soon as a child realizes he is appreciated by one other human being he has begun the process of social adjustment.

In his mother, and she need not be his blood mother, he experiences the first wholly trustworthy individual in his environment, and with this beginning he can continue his progress toward the normal goal of human adjustment.

It is apparent the mother has a double function, whose first phase is the reconciliation of the child to his situation in the world, whose second phase consists in encouragement of the child to develop his own powers of growth and adjustment to other individuals.

This delicate role is seldom played to perfection, and in the mistakes of a child's mother the infinite variety of human patterns may take their origin. There are several typical mistakes, all of which produce easily recognizable types of *problem* adults.

It is the outstanding merit of Individual Psychology that its study helps us to understand our own goals and our own patterns, and to change them, at least to the extent that lesser errors are substituted for the major mistakes of neurotic conduct.

Once the goal of superiority has been crystallized each individual proceeds toward its attainment as directly as the obstacles of reality permit. Toward this end each one of us chooses a kit of appropriate tools and a scale of appropriate values. We call these tools character traits, and the whole kit, the personality.

A human personality may be considered the sum total of the instruments and devices which any individual has chosen to attain his life goal.

The characteristic instruments which an individual chooses vary with his physical constitution, his environment, the age in which he lives and the resistance he meets. Thus we have patterns of life as different as the aggressiveness of the "go-getter" and the submission of the saint.

Individual Psychology is a relative and comparative science, not a normative body of laws. There is no categoric imperative, no panacea for all ills, no simple formula for personal salvation. Yet it is desirable to outline a *relative* norm, appropriate to our times, with which we can compare the behavior of those whom we call neurotics, criminals and psychotics.

If we were to dare to outline a normal it would be the pattern of an individual whose goal in life was to be a *complete* human being, compensating for his personal weakness and the experiences of his childhood by some socially valuable, productive work.

Such a human being would develop the traits of honesty, sincerity, responsibility. As he grew older his social connections would become more extended, his usefulness wider, his poise better, his courage greater. He would be independent in action and judgment and service, but his activities would be dominated by the social need of his time.

What vanity and ambition were left unresolved in his struggle for significance would be impressed into his technique of contributing to the commonweal. He would regard members of the opposite sex as honored fellow workers and equitably divide not only the labors but the prerogatives of life with them. ♦

A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal & independent: that from that equal creation they derive rights inherent & inalienable, among which are the preservation of life & liberty, & the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these ends, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, & to institute new government, laying it's foundation on such principles & organising it's powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety & happiness. prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light & transient causes, and accordingly all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. but when a long train of abuses & usurpations, begun at a distinguished period & pursuing invariably the same object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government & to provide new guards for their future security. such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies & such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. the history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of unremitting injuries and usurpations, among which, to contradict the uniform tenor of the rest, all of which have in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. to prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world. for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood.

he has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

he has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate & pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained, and when suspended, he has neglected to attend to them.

he has refused to pass other laws for the accomodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them & formidable to tyrants only.

he has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable & distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

he has dissolved Representative houses repeatedly & continually for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

he has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the state remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, & convulsions within.

he has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, & raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

he has suffered the administration of justice totally to cease in some of these states refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

he has made our judges dependant on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount & payment of their salaries.

he has erected a multitude of new offices, & sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people & eat out their substance.

he has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies & ships of war.

he has affected to render the military independent of & superior to the civil power.

he has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, & unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their pretended acts of legislation,

for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us,

for protecting them by a mock-trial from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states,

for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world,

for imposing taxes on us without our consent,

for depriving us of the benefits of trial by jury,

for transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences

for abolishing the free system of english laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example & fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies.

for taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, & altering fundamentally the forms of our governments

for suspending our own legislatures & declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

he has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection & waging war against us.

he has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, & destroyed the lives of our people.

he is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation & tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, & totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

he has constrained our fellow citizens taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends & brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

he has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, & has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes & conditions of existence.

he has incited treasonable insurrections of our fellow-citizens, with the allurements of forfeiture & confiscation of our property.

he has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating it's most sacred rights of life & liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating & carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. this piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britain. determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought & sold. he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce: and that this assemblage of horrors might want no mode of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them: thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another.

in every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries. a prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a people who mean to be free. future ages will scarce believe that the hardiness of one man, adventured within the short compass of twelve years only, to lay a foundation so broad & undisguised for tyranny over a people fostered & fixed in principles of freedom.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. we have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend a jurisdiction over these our states. we have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration & settlement here. no one of which could warrant so strange a pretension: that these were effected at the expence of our own blood & treasure, unassisted by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain. that in constituting indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king thereby laying a foundation for perpetual league & amity with them: but that submission to their parliament was no part of our constitution, nor ever in idea, if history may be credited: and we appealed to their native justice & magnanimity, as well as to the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which were likely to interrupt our correspondence & connection. they too have been deaf to the voice of justice & of consanguinity. & when occasions have been given them by the regular course of their laws of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they have by their free election re-established them in power. at this very time too they are permitting their chief magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our common blood, but Scotch & foreign mercenaries to invade & destroy us. these facts have given the last stab to agonizing affection, and manly spirit bids us to renounce for ever these unfeeling brethren. we must endeavor to forget our former love for them, and to hold them as we hold the rest of mankind enemies in war, in peace friends. we might have been a free & a great people together: but a communication of grandeur & of freedom it seems is below their dignity. be it so, since they will have it. the road to happiness & to glory is open to us too. we will climb it apart from them, and acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our eternal separation.

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, do in the name & by the authority of the good people of these states reject & renounce all allegiance & subjection to the kings of Great Britain & all others who may hereafter claim by, through, or under them; we utterly dissolve & break off all political connection which may have subsisted between us & the people or parliament of Great Britain: and finally we do assert and declare these colonies to be free & independant states, and that as free & independant states they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce & to do all other acts and things which independant states may of right do. and for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives our fortunes & our sacred honour.

John Hancock — Josiah Bartlett, Wm Whipple, Matthew Thornton — Saml Adams, John Adams, Robt Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry — Step Hopkins, Wm Ellery — Roger Sherman, Sam Huntington, Wm Williams, Oliver Wolcott — Wm Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn — Edward Rutledge, Thos Heyward Junr, Thos Lynch Junr, Arthur Middleton — Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, Geo Walton — Geo Clymer, Geo Taylor, James Wilson, Geo Ross — Caesar Rodney, Geo Read, Tho M'Kean — Wm Floyd, Phil Livingston, Frans Lewis, Lewis Morris — Richd Henry Lee, Th Jefferson, Benja Harrison, Thos Nelson Jr, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton — Robt Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benja Franklin, John Morton, Geo Clymer, Jas Smith, Geo Taylor, James Wilson, Geo Ross — Abra Clark, Josiah Bartlett, Wm Whipple — Saml Chase, Wm Paca, Thos Stone, Chas Carroll of Carrollton — Geo Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Th Jefferson, Benja Harrison, Thos Nelson Jr, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton — Wm Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn — Edward Rutledge, Thos Heyward Junr, Thos Lynch Junr, Arthur Middleton — Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, Geo Walton — Step Hopkins, Wm Ellery — Roger Sherman, Sam Huntington, Wm Williams, Oliver Wolcott — Th Jefferson, John Adams, Robt Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry — Josiah Bartlett, Wm Whipple — Matthew Thornton — Saml Chase, Wm Paca, Thos Stone, Chas Carroll of Carrollton — Geo Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Th Jefferson, Benja Harrison, Thos Nelson Jr, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton — Robt Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benja Franklin, John Morton, Geo Clymer, Jas Smith, Geo Taylor, James Wilson, Geo Ross — Caesar Rodney, Geo Read, Tho M'Kean — Wm Floyd, Phil Livingston, Frans Lewis, Lewis Morris — Richd Henry Lee, Th Jefferson, Benja Harrison, Thos Nelson Jr, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton — Robt Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benja Franklin, John Morton, Geo Clymer, Jas Smith, Geo Taylor, James Wilson, Geo Ross — Caesar Rodney, Geo Read, Tho M'Kean — Wm Floyd, Phil Livingston, Frans Lewis, Lewis Morris — Richd Henry Lee, Th Jefferson, Benja Harrison, Thos Nelson Jr, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton — Robt Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benja Franklin, John Morton, Geo Clymer, Jas Smith, Geo Taylor, James Wilson, Geo Ross — Caesar Rodney, Geo Read, Tho M'Kean — Wm Floyd, Phil Livingston, Frans Lewis, Lewis Morris

FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL DRAUGHT OF THE

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

IN GENERAL CONGRESS ASSEMBLED 4TH JULY, 1776

Power of the written word

by Stephen Vincent Benet

Words—and the use and recording of words—are one of the few things that justifiably distinguish us from the animals. It is only the human race, as far as one can know, that is able to record its own past.

In our brief life, we seem to have a passionate desire to put down what we saw and felt and knew—as it was, as it appeared to us—so that later people can know what sort of world we lived in and how we felt about it. It is that impulse which has made all writers write, from the first poet to the latest novelist. And it seems to be built into the human race.

Why do we do it? There are many reasons. The written word—the word set down—is not only a sword and a trumpet for the present but a link which binds us to all humanity. When we lose touch with the great words of the past—when they seem meaningless to us and we can make no new good words for our own day—then history changes.

"No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less;... any man's death diminishes me because I am involved in Mankind. And, therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee."

The words I have just quoted were written by the great poet and great preacher John Donne in the seventeenth century. They appear more than 300 years later reiterated on a flyleaf of the finest novel of 1940—and so appropriate are they both to the theme of that novel and to our own times that they might have been written yesterday. Yes, words do have power, and live on.

Not only do they live on but, with time and change, they sometimes gather an importance not dreamed of by their first makers. Let me take a rather simple sentence—a fairly banal one—such a sentence as "I am a citizen of the United States."

Now the actual fact stated there is a fact that most of us take for granted. We are used to it—so used that we don't talk of it. You would as soon think of beginning a conversation with the blunt remark, "I am a mammal." And yet, what I say in that particular sentence—"I am a citizen of the United States"—has rather more meanings than appear on the surface. For if I am a citizen, I am not a slave—and if I am a citizen, I need not be a lord.

I have a state to which I owe certain responsibilities—and which, at the very least, owes certain responsibilities to me. That may not seem very much but it has taken a good many centuries to establish that much. Neither baron nor serf of the Middle Ages knew it.

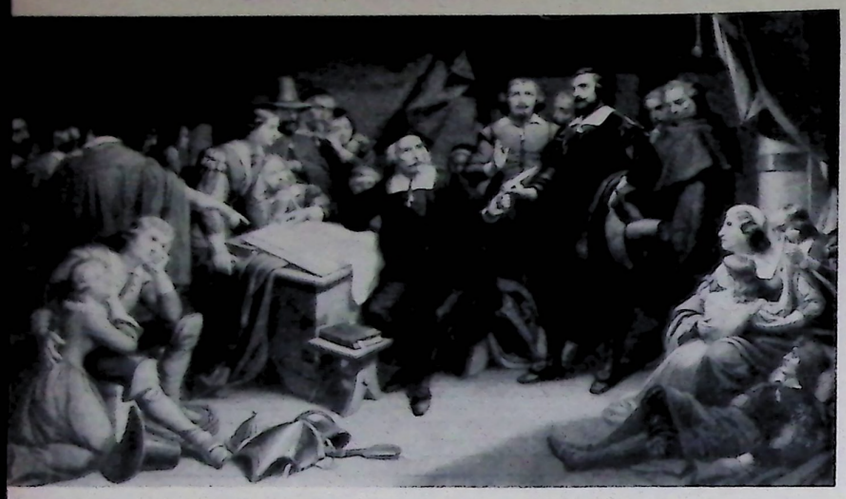
What I say in that one word "citizen" represents a dream in men's minds—a dream as old as the city-states of Greece, as new as last week's election. That dream has been trampled upon, wiped out for dark ages of history—and recurred and recurred again, like the grass growing back after drought. To me, it is an essential dream. And yet part of it is there in one word.

Let us take some of the rest of the sentence—the mere words "United States." Well, of course, we know what the United States means—we know it so well that we do not even have to think about it. And yet do we? For it took five years of active revolution to make the one word, "States"—then 12 years of confederation and argument and, later on, four years of Civil War to make the word "United" an effective word.

When you say those particular words—United States—you are not just talking of geography or even of a flag. You are talking of an idea in action—an idea as strong, as deeply rooted as any that has moved the minds of men—an idea that has been served, at one time or another, with singular devotion. I agree that we do not often think of it in that particular way. And yet it is there, in the words. And without the words and the thought behind the words, it would not be there.

It is well to be thoughtful, then, when we use words. For some-

When the Mayflower reached Provincetown harbor, the Pilgrim leaders fearing that rebellious members of their company might prove even more untraceable when sent to scout a settlement, wrote the "Compact." It was based on the social compact idea found in separatist church covenants.



times the words that we write down are going to go on in ways that we did not expect and of which we could have no foreknowledge. A few men, gathered together on a crowded ship, set down and signed the Mayflower Compact—"to combine ourselves together in a civil body politick... for our better ordering... and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws... as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony."

The historians will tell us, and quite correctly, that this particular document was an emergency measure for a particular case. It did not mean that the men who signed it wanted either a republic or a democracy, as we conceive of them, on these shores. It did not mean free speech—it did not mean religious tolerance. It merely meant that those few men wanted some sort of workable government once they got ashore.

And yet once the thing is written down, it is written down and the men who come after remember it and put their own meanings to it. Once you have said "just and equal laws... for the general good," you have planted the seed for an unexpected harvest. As Sandburg says—be careful how you use proud words.

Be careful and yet be bold—for it is the bold words and the direct ones that live—and neither a nation nor an art can endure for long in a state of continuous apology. We have had bold words in the past—we shall have them again. There were very bold words in our Declaration of Independence—bold and novel words in the Constitution. We do not recognize their boldness because we have for so long enjoyed their benefits. And yet certain of these phrases have become part of the unconscious stream of our minds—the stream that lies at the back of all thought. The boldness is still in them, whenever we wish to rediscover it.

I am not saying, of course, that words will do it all. Any writer knows better than that. If at times he is proud of his craft, at other times he is humble about it. For he knows as well as anyone how words can be distorted, defaced and misconstrued. And then, he is very fallible.

He spends a good deal of time creating, as he thinks, a thing of beauty—and discovers, to his annoyance, when he has created it that it has six legs and four ears. He may spend a good deal of time trying to describe a certain section of life honestly and discover that, in the opinion of eminent persons, he has tried to corrupt the public morals.

Now, it is really very difficult for a writer to corrupt the public morals all by himself—even with the best will in the world, he has to have considerable help from his constituency. And, what is worse, such a charge is apt to flatter the writer's vanity and that isn't very good for him either.

No—words will not do it all—and the writer knows that. But sometimes they may take the step ahead, the step that means much to today and even more to tomorrow. The stone is thrown into the water and the ripples spread to far shores. In a troubled time—and ours is a troubled one indeed—it is easy to lose heart, to give in, to think there is no solution for the difficulties that perplex us.

And yet, out of troubled times, the great artists have always looked forward. The greatest writers have shown what human life is—they have also shown what human life may be. Through their work runs continual wonder and continual questioning. Yet through the long roll of time, few of them have praised tyranny. Most have denounced injustice. Few have hated man.

I think it will continue to be so. And it must be so indeed. We have seen, in the last few years, a dark wave rise from the past to engulf free nations—we have seen a tyranny set out to bind the minds of men such as has not bound the minds of men for many ages. Where that tyranny has passed, art has ceased. And yet so fearful is that tyranny of the mere power of words that it does not—and dares not—allow its subjects to listen to or read the words and the books of freedom. Perhaps that one single fact may show as well as anything the power of words. It remains for those of us who are free and who mean to stay free, to consider what words we shall say and how we shall say them... My own generation of writers has been the target of criticism from a number of angles. That criticism has its justifications. We were not wiser than the statesmen or more foreseeing than the prophets. We moved with the mood of our time. Yet we did try to tell the truth about our time as we saw it—and that I do not regret.

To the charge of disillusion, we may perhaps plead guilty. We wanted to clear the ground and clear it of bunk and cant. We wanted to enlarge the scope of fiction so that it could deal with all sides of life, not just carefully selected sectors. We wanted to experiment in new ways of saying things—new ways of breaking ground. Any generation that tries to do these things is apt to destroy certain illusions... I have tried to point out that free words and free thinking are an essential part of our democratic process and that disillusion, for a time, does not mean everlasting despair. For I think there is a new tide—and a deep one—setting in American letters, a tide that has nothing to do with brag or false optimism, but a tide of deep conviction in certain essential things. It must be so, for the issue has been joined. There is that abroad in the world which would destroy the freedom of the artist as it would destroy the free thinking of every man. And that issue must be met.

We can call upon the great men, the great words of our own past—and that we should do—for in looking back at our past we can see at what a price, by what endurance and fortitude, the freedom we have inherited was bought. But that is only part of the task. We need new words also—and great ones—to match the present, to build for the future that must be. That is a great task indeed, and a very hard one. I do not know by whom these words will be made. They will not be made by the summer soldier or the sunshine patriot. And yet, if we believe in freedom, if we believe in life itself, they must be made. ♦

Wit of Wisdom

SAMUEL JOHNSON: Of all noises I think music is the least disagreeable.

* *

FRANCOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others would not harm us.

* *

H. L. MENCKEN: A cynic is a man who, when he smells flowers, looks around for a coffin.

* *

MARK TWAIN: It would have been foolish to stand upon our dignity in a place where there was hardly room to stand on our feet.

* *

VOLTAIRE: The infinitely little have pride infinitely great.

* *

THOMAS CARLYLE: Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith.

* *

LEWIS CARROLL: That's the reason they're called lessons, because they lessen from day to day.

* *

SALMON P. CHASE: I would rather that the people should wonder why I wasn't President than why I am.

* *

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON: The artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs.

* *

WINSTON CHURCHILL: Men occasionally stumble over the truth, but most of them pick themselves up and hurry off as if nothing had happened.

* *

JAMES FREEMAN: A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman, of the next generation.

* *

IRVIN SHREWSBURY COBB: Men are vain, but they won't mind women working so long as they get smaller salaries for the same job.

BRANDER MATTHEWS: A highbrow is a person educated beyond his intelligence.

* *

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: Only the wise possess ideas; the greater part of mankind are possessed by them.

* *

JOHN BOYNTON PRIESTLEY: A loving wife will do anything for her husband except stop criticizing and trying to improve him.

* *

BERTRAND RUSSELL: Most people would die sooner than think; in fact, they do so.

* *

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER: The first 40 years of life give us the text; the next 30 supply the commentary.

* *

PLATO: The Athenians do not mind a man being clever, as long as he keeps it to himself.

* *

JONATHAN SWIFT: If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is he keeps his at the same time.

* *

HENRY DAVID THOREAU: A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.

DON HEROLD: Very few people look the part and are it, too.

* *

DOUGLAS JERROLD: Readers are of two sorts: one who carefully goes through a book, and the other who as carefully lets the book go through him.

* *

OSCAR LEVANT: A pun is the lowest form of humor—when you don't think of it first.

* *

OGDEN NASH: Marriage is the only known example of the happy meeting of the immovable object and the irresistible force.

* *

KATHLEEN NORRIS: Life is easier to take than you'd think; all that is necessary is to accept the impossible, do without the indispensable, and bear the intolerable.

* *

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: God has given you one face, and you make yourself another.

* *

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: The liar's punishment is not in the least that he is not believed, but that he cannot believe anyone else.

* *

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON: Train your child in the way you now know you should have gone yourself.

* *

OSCAR WILDE: To love oneself is the beginning of a lifelong romance.

* *

ARNOLD BENNETT: Women are strange and incomprehensible, a device invented by Providence to keep the wit of man well-sharpened by constant employment.

* *

JOSH BILLINGS: Laughing is the sensation of feeling good all over, and showing it principally in one spot.

(continued from page 54)

Art of Virtue

though it might be practicable where a man's business was such as to leave him the disposition of his time, that of a journeyman printer, for instance, it was not possible to be exactly observed by a master, who must mix with the world and often receive people of business at their own hours.

Order, too, with regard to places for things, papers, etc., I found extremely difficult to acquire. I had not been early accustomed to it and, having an exceeding good memory, I was not so sensible of the inconvenience attending want of method. This article, therefore, cost me so much painful attention, my faults in it vexed me so much, I made so little progress in amendment and had such frequent relapses, that I was almost ready to give up the attempt and content myself with a faulty character in that respect.

I was like the man who, in buying an ax of a smith, my neighbor, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel. He turned, while the smith pressed the broad face of the ax hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on and at length would take his ax as it was, without further grinding.

"No," said the smith, "turn on, turn on. We shall have it bright by and by. As yet, it is only speckled."

"Yes," says the man, "but I think I like a speckled ax best."

I believe this may have been the case with many who, having, for want of some such means as I employed, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue have given up the struggle and concluded that "a speckled ax was best." Something that pretended to be reason was every now and then suggesting to me that such extreme nicety as I exacted of myself might be a kind of foppery in morals which, if it were known, would make me ridiculous, that a perfect character might be attended with the *inconvenience* of being envied and hated and that a benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance.

In truth, I found myself incorrigible with respect to Order. Now I am grown old and my memory bad, I feel very sensibly the want of it. But, on the whole, though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavor, a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it. It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life, down to his seventy-ninth year, in which this is written.

To Temperance he ascribes his long-continued health and what is still left to him of a good constitution. To Industry and Frugality, the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned.

To Sincerity and Justice, the confidence of his country and the honorable employs it conferred upon him. And to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper and that cheerfulness in conversation, which makes his company still sought for and agreeable even to his younger acquaintance. I hope, therefore, that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit. ♦

(continued from page 67)

When is a Man Educated?

something of the history of our country. He should know something about mathematics and economics. He should have been introduced to the pleasures of the world's great literature. He should have a start at least in the acquisition of positive information from which he can reason and think and learn. He should learn that one can never remember anything which he never knew.

It is the lighting of this spark that makes the student forever dissatisfied with anything less than his best in whatever he does. Give me the teacher, therefore, who can help light that spark while at the same time he is teaching his students to read and write and who is insisting upon the acquisition of basic, fundamental, positive information. In truth, should it not be easier to learn how to learn while learning something?

I submit, therefore, three objectives of this formal educational process: First, we should attempt with all that is in us to light that divine spark in the breasts of the students that drives them forward, that makes them want to learn, that creates that inquisitive and acquisitive mind which really searches for the truth, that burns with the white-hot flame which makes the student completely and forever dissatisfied with anything less than his best. This objective, I believe, can best be accomplished while the student at the same time is acquiring positive information that must be the mark of any educated man.

Secondly, our formal educational process should make our students proud and excited about our America. They must realize that today's liberties were not bought and paid for in one installment in 1776. Our students should know that liberties must be purchased anew with each generation, and an informed electorate is indispensable to the preservation of liberty. The time has passed when good intentions are enough.

Thirdly, this formal process must preserve our American freedom of religion. It must let the student understand the American concept upon which this country was founded of the essential dignity of man under God and the law.

Let us strive to train in our schools, in our homes, in our churches, and through community efforts, God-fearing good Americans who are not afraid of hard work, who learn to think while acquiring basic positive knowledge – men and women of character and that moral fiber who have the ability and desire and industry to understand and preserve and protect our basic American ideals, and to build thereon a vital, living, ever-expanding, and greatest America the world has ever known. ♦

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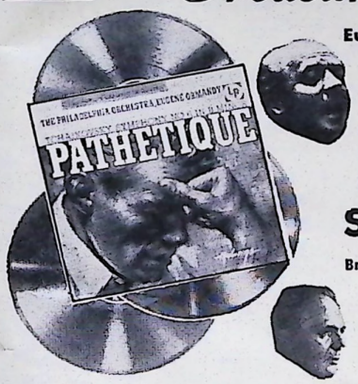

Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra

TCHAIKOVSKY
Symphony No. 6 "Pathetique"

Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY NO. 8

SCHUBERT SYMPHONY NO. 8 "Unfinished"

Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York

BRAHMS Variations on a Theme by Haydn —Academic Festival Overture

WAGNER Siegfried Idyll **SMETANA** The Moldau

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FOR YOUR READING ENJOYMENT *the Editors of Wisdom recommend:*

TOWN HALL TONIGHT
by Harlowe R. Hoyt
Harlowe Hoyt, the dramatic editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, has been interested in the American theater ever since he was a child, and his last work expresses his understanding of the stage. He has the ability to write in a vivid manner; the past becomes alive and we are better able to understand the entertainment of our forefathers. The book, which is beautifully illustrated, should attract not only those who are concerned with drama, but all those who are interested in American history. *Prentice Hall, $7.50*

ANTHOLOGY OF JAPANESE LITERATURE
by Donald Keene
Professor Keene teaches Japanese at Cambridge University, and for many years he has tried to popularize Japanese thought for the West. His *Anthology* covers both Japanese prose and poetry from early times to the middle of the nineteenth century. His introduction gives the reader a knowledge of the importance of Japanese thought. Unfortunately, in the West we know very little about Japanese civilization; thus Keene's book should enlighten us about the literary spirit of Japan. *Grove Press, $6.50*

THE GANDHI READER
edited by Homer A. Jack
In this fascinating book we obtain a vivid picture of one of the most impressive personalities of the twentieth century. Gandhi's ideas on war and peace, Indian independence, family life, religion and non-violence are presented to the general reader. Furthermore, there are discussions about Gandhi by such intellectual leaders as Tagore and Romain Rolland. Gandhi emerges as a true saint who reminds us that lasting satisfaction can only be found by treasuring spiritual values and spiritual ideals. *Indiana University Press, $7.50*

FOLLOW THE WHALE
by Ivan T. Sanderson
Follow the Whale is not merely a story of adventure, but a tale of an important industry which flourished already 3000 years ago. Reading this colorful book gives us a more penetrating view of early civilizations like those of the Cretans and Indians who sailed the oceans long before the Western Europeans came upon the scene. The style of this work is extremely dynamic and we learn much about the whale and man's civilization. *Little, Brown, $6.00*

THE NEW BEING
by Paul Tillich
In this work, Paul Tillich, one of the most famous theologians of our time, discusses the dilemmas of modern man. He writes about the meaning of prayer, truth and faith and he gives us hope that we can achieve a meaningful philosophy of life. His style is terse and compact and his message should be of interest to a multitude of readers. *Scribner's, $2.75*

THE COLUMBIA
by Stewart H. Holbrook
Stewart H. Holbrook is a celebrated author, best known for his *Age of the Moguls*. In this new book he writes with fervor about a great river which is part of American and Canadian history. It is a tale of conquest and exploration, and of the changes which have occurred in recent history. The Columbia River is identified with great industries and has had a formidable impact upon American civilization. This is the fiftieth Volume in the Rivers of America Series, and like its predecessors, will fascinate the thoughtful reader. *Rinehart & Co., $5.00*

THE FABULOUS PHONOGRAPH
by Roland Gelatt
Roland Gelatt is an outstanding music critic and New York editor of the High Fidelity magazine. He writes about the history of the phonograph, which has given great pleasure to millions of music lovers. As a successful social historian, Gelatt is interested in the men who shaped this invention and in the impact of the phonograph upon American culture. The reader is told about the legal battles which were fought by men like Johnson and Eason, and at the same time, he becomes acquainted with the artists who have contributed so much to modern American music. *Lippincott, $4.95*

I AM A MATHEMATICIAN
by Norbert Wiener
Norbert Wiener is one of the most illustrious mathematicians of this country, and he has the rare capacity to humanize his subject. In 1948 he wrote *Cybernetics* which opened up new vistas in communication; in his latest work he tells about his personal life and his experiences as a college professor. Norbert Wiener graduated from college when he was 14 and he received his Ph. D. at the age of 18. His enthusiasm for mathematics is infectious and the reader will obtain at least a glimpse of some of the issues of contemporary mathematics. *Doubleday, $5.00*

ALWAYS THE UNEXPECTED
by Louis P. Lochner
Lochner was head of the Associated Press Bureau in Berlin during Hitler's regime and this work covers the era with objectivity. He also writes about the days before Hitler; his sketches of diplomats are especially well done. Lochner has no major remedies for the ills of the modern world; instead, he recommends specific solutions and a better understanding of the conditions which create revolutions and dictators. *Macmillan, $5.00*

HOGARTH'S PROGRESS
by Peter Quennell
Peter Quennell resurrects eighteenth century England with its weaknesses and conquests and at the same time he writes with great feeling about the achievements of a master painter. Hogarth was an artistic chronicler of his age with an eye for realism. Living a simple life, he always had compassion for the poor and the under-privileged. His paintings are universal in appeal and his ideas are of particular interest to the twentieth century. This is a stirring biography and should reach a wide audience. *Viking, $6.50*

BENJAMIN HENRY LATROBE
by Talbot Hamlin
Latrobe was a famous architect who believed in combining simplicity and classic realism. He died in New Orleans in 1820 and during his lifetime experienced both triumph and disaster. He contributed much to American democracy, especially in his design of the Philadelphia waterworks and the Capitol building. Like Frank Lloyd Wright, his ideas caused controversy and prolonged debates. The book is richly illustrated and gives a superb view of Latrobe as a man and an artist. *Oxford University Press, $15.00*

THE CASE FOR MODERN MAN
by Charles Frankel
In this challenging work a noted thinker states an optimistic philosophy of life. In an age of pessimism and irrationalism it has become fashionable to attack the ideas of liberalism. Frankel, taking the opposite viewpoint, stresses man's goodness and his capacity for creativity. The heroes of Frankel are thinkers like Mill and Jefferson who believe in an enlightened view of life. Frankel's book will cause many readers to re-examine their own view-points and to become less despairing about the future. *Harper, $3.50*

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